
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1827.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

IT is one of the excellences of the British Constitution, that, whilst it sacredly guards the rights, interests, and honours of its nobles, it extends its protection to the humblest ranks of society, and throws open to aspiring talent, in whomsoever found, the road to its greatest and most enviable distinctions. Hereditary honours are too often the birthright of weak minds and vicious folly; whilst the noble deeds of departed generations serve only to contrast with the degraded, sordid, and voluptuous acts of the present. The "*novus homo*" has, indeed, ever been the object of jealousy and dislike to those whose only distinction and virtue are to be found in the splendour of their ancestry, and the antiquity of their lineage. In a country like Britain, the pride of aristocracy will, however, be perpetually wounded and humbled by the successful efforts of genius and talent seeking to emerge from their original obscurity, and to vindicate to themselves a rank and a station in society commensurate with their extent, their brilliancy, and their power. "It is," says a periodical writer, "the proud boast and privilege of Englishmen, that the cottage and the castle furnish candidates for the first offices which the sovereign of a free people has to bestow. The mother in her wretched hovel, whilst nursing her infant son, may view him with an honest pride, and indulge in no idle dream of his future greatness, conscious that if he possess energy and talents, the road to fame and fortune is open to him, and he may aspire to that station in life which shall make

him, not only the confidential servant of the state, but the companion of peers, and even of princes."

In judging of the comparative advantages of public and private education, it has ever appeared to us, that to the republican spirit which pervades our great national establishments, we must attribute that stimulating principle, which, urging on the youth of talents to emulate and rival his titled competitor, imparts to him energy of character, and a just confidence in his own powers. Here boys are taught that true and only equality which subsists among the various members of society; and here are often found those associations which, in the warmth of youthful passion, overlooking inequalities of birth or fortune, ripen, in maturer years, into valuable and lasting friendships—thus destroying, most effectually, the narrow and selfish feelings and prejudices of high birth.

It is to the influence of such feelings that the subject of our present Memoir owes the high station he now occupies in the councils of his Sovereign. His own talents have proved his most powerful patrons; and have procured for him, with but few dissentient voices, the universal approbation of the country.

It must not, however, be supposed, that Mr. Canning is of humble birth; on the contrary, though not of noble, he is yet of ancient, family; being the representative of the elder branch of the Cannings of Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry, where they have been settled for several centuries. It was an ancestor of Mr. Canning's that founded the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and who was five times mayor of that city; another of his ancestors, Colonel George Canning, was one of the Protestant gentry attainted by the parliament of James II. which was held at Dublin, after his abdication; an attainder subsequently reversed by King William.

Mr. Canning's father having displeased his parents by an early marriage with a lady whose beauty and accomplishments were her only fortune, quitted Ireland for this country, and entering as a student of the Middle Temple, devoted himself to the bar.—His premature death, however, prevented him from attaining that celebrity and rank which his talents would have otherwise commanded.—The affection and attachment which subsisted between Mr. Canning and his lady are beautifully delineated in the picture which he drew of conjugal affection, in the person of Lord William Russel in his parting address to Lady Rachael—

O! my loved Rachael! all accomplished fair!
Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues and unfading charms,
Have blessed, through happy years, my peaceful arms!
Parting with thee, into my cup has thrown
Its harshest dregs; else had not forced a groan.
But all is o'er—these eyes have gazed their last—
And now the bitterness of death is past.

The happiness of this fond and attached pair was, however, destined to be but of short duration; on the 11th of April, 1771, soon after the birth of his son, Mr. Canning was, by a premature death, suddenly cut off from the realization of all professional celebrity, and from the further enjoyment of all domestic happiness*."

On the death of his father, the care of Mr. Canning's education devolved on his uncle, and guardian, by whom he was sent to Eton; here he prosecuted his studies with such diligence, that at fifteen years of age, he was one of the senior scholars; and joined with others of his schoolfellows in bringing out a periodical literary work called the "Microcosm." The first number was brought out on the 6th of November, 1786, and it continued to appear weekly until August in the following year.—The portion contributed by young Canning, amounted to twelve papers in all. The work was, on the whole, highly creditable to the talents, assiduity, and attention of the writers, who could, after the labour of their scholastic duties, withdraw themselves from the amusements of their age; and find, in the pursuits of literature, both recreation and pleasure.

Having removed from Eton, Mr. Canning was entered at Christ-church, Oxford; where his attention to his studies, and the solidity and elegance of his attainments, obtained for him the approbation of his superiors, and the admiration and respect of the University generally. On quitting College, he entered at one of the Inns of Court; and renewing his acquaintance

* Mr. Canning was interred in Mary-le-bone new burying-ground, and on his tomb is the following inscription by his widow—

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell!
"Therefore, a little while, my George, farewell!
"For faith and love like ours, Heaven has in store
"Its last, best gift—to meet and part no more."

with several young men whom he had known at Eton and Oxford, he gradually emerged from the obscurity to which his slender income would have doomed him; and in 1793, entered the British House of Commons as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. His first speech, distinguished alike for its modesty, its eloquence, and its manliness, was delivered Jan. 31, 1794, in vindication of the Treaty between His Britannic Majesty and the King of Sardinia; and from this period he appears to have taken part in almost every important debate involving the policy or the conduct of the war.

Being appointed one of the Joint Secretaries of State under Lord Grenville, he was, on the dissolution of Parliament, returned for Wendover. The Abolition of the Slave Trade found an able and eloquent champion in Mr. Canning; in a debate on that subject, on the 1st of March, 1797, he combated the arguments of the advocates of that horrid traffic with all the zeal and energies of his powerful mind, and exposed, with the happiest effect, the fallacy of every argument urged in its vindication. "What," said he, "is the case with the Slave Trade? Was it, in its outset only, that it had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression? Were the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict healed, or were they fresh and green as at the moment when the first slave-ship began its ravages upon the coast? Were the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other, that no trace of enmity remained? or, was it in reason, or in common sense, to claim a prescriptive right, not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences, but to a series of new violences, to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties not continued but repeated, and of which every individual instance inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate, and substantive crime."

On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, in 1801, and the accession of Mr. Addington's Administration to office, Mr. Canning retired to the ranks of opposition; from whence he continued to assail the measures of the new government with great force and spirit*.

* It was during the period of Mr. Pitt's retirement from power that Mr. Canning wrote his celebrated song for the ex-premier's birth-day, "The Pilot that weathered the Storm," which became justly popular.—

On the retirement of Mr. Addington, Mr. Canning again came into office under Mr. Pitt, as Treasurer of the Navy, and was, at the same time, sworn a Member of the Privy Council.—On the death of Mr. Pitt, he was appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State, in the Administration of which Mr. Perceval was Premier. It was, while in this situation, that a disagreement of a personal nature took place between him and the late Marquis of Londonderry, (then Lord Castlereagh,) which terminated in a duel. His Lordship was attended to the ground by the present Marquis of Hertford, and Mr. Canning by the present Lord Seaford.—On this occasion Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh, when Mr. Ellis perceiving the blood issuing from the wound, the seconds interfered. Within three weeks, both the ministers attended his Majesty's Levee, and each resigned his seals of office; and it is generally believed that on this occasion His Majesty expressed his strong disapprobation of their proceedings.

Mr. Canning was now appointed Ambassador to Lisbon, where, in the absence of the Court at Brazil, a Regency conducted the affairs of the Portuguese government. This appointment created so strong and so general a feeling of dissatisfaction, that he was soon recalled; and soon after appointed President of the Board of Control. In this situation his conduct was so conciliatory and delicate, that, on his retirement from office, he received the thanks of the Court of East India Directors.

Mr. Canning's knowledge of India affairs pointed him out as eminently qualified to preside over our Eastern empire, on the retirement of Lord Minto; and on the 16th of March, 1822, he formally received his appointment as Governor General of India.—The death of Lord Castlereagh, however, altered his destination, and, through the influence of Lord Liverpool, he was nominated to the vacant Secretaryship, and on the 17th of September of the same year, took the oaths and received the seals of office.

Early attached to the principles of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning has pursued the same line of foreign policy; strongly opposing the

"The Grand Consultation," in ridicule of the members of the then government, was one of the severest satires on the weakness of the then ministry, and contributed, not a little, to increase the general odium by which it was assailed.

wild doctrines of French Jacobinism, and revolutionary changes in governments; yet, on the other hand, a determined foe to all arbitrary power, and a firm friend to the general freedom of mankind. His early attachment to Greece, and his ardent wishes for her emancipation from the power of despotism, are well known, and are pourtrayed in his beautiful poem on the Slavery of Greece, which will be found in the poetic department of our present number. In conformity with these early predilections and feelings, it is understood that Mr. Canning has used every effort of diplomatic interference with the Sublime Porte for the welfare of Greece, but, hitherto, we regret to say, ineffectually.

Whoever would understand Mr. Canning's opinions on the great points of constitutional freedom, and the natural rights of man, should peruse his celebrated speech on moving the concurrence of the British House of Commons in the assistance afforded by His Majesty to the Princess Regent of Portugal, in aid of the cause of constitutional liberty in her dominions: it breathed a bold, and free, and generous spirit—it affected, by the magic of its eloquence, and the truth of its statements, not only the house, but the country—not England only, but every cabinet of Europe.—Many pronounced it incautious; but it may be doubted whether any declaration more reserved, or less energetic, could have operated on the Cabinet of Madrid, or prevented those consequences which every rational man apprehended from the bigotry, imbecility, and folly of the Spanish Court.

In consequence of Lord Liverpool's indisposition, and the secession of the greater number of his late colleagues, his Majesty has recently elevated Mr. Canning to the premiership.—We purposely abstain from any account of the circumstances, which preceded or attended this event. They are too recent to need much detail, and too complicated, too much involved in mystery, and too deeply interwoven with the passions of men, to allow of dispassionate or candid discussion.

In summing up Mr. Canning's character, we shall avail ourselves of the able portrait of this great man sketched by one who knows him intimately, whose opportunities of studying his character under every circumstance, are peculiarly favourable to its just delineation, and whose own great mind can alone justly estimate that of his friend.

"It is not easy," says Mr. Ward, "to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could soothe; his heart the seat of an ambition, belonging, as it were, to himself; equally above stooping to court or people, and which no fear of either could affright.

With all this, his feelings were attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party, and the witchery of letters. In these last, he had been beautifully distinguished, and had many amiable associates, before he acquired his political eminence. In the senate, his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination, which it gathered in its way. It is difficult, indeed, to say, whether his wit, or his reasoning predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. The one was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the whole field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralyze his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed, with the force of thunder.

But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly, I might say, insularly British; and though he contemplated, and understood the Continent better than most who went before him, of the Continent it was his principle to steer clear, except in so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to "buy him golden opinions with all sorts of persons," and he wound up all by a staunch adherence to his personal friends, not one of whom he had been known to fail or abandon. This made him the most loved for his own sake, of all leaders out of the house, while in it he reigned without struggle or compeer,—*nihi simile aut secundum.*"

Even Lord Byron, whose opposite politics forbid all suspicion of undue partiality, has, in more than one of his works, paid high and deserved compliment to this distinguished orator and statesman. In one of his latest publications he thus notices Mr. Canning—

Yet something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and what's stranger still, with rhyme;
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never even in that dull house, couldst tame
To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee!

Mr. Canning married a daughter of the late General Scott; by whom he has had a son and several daughters. The son, who promised to emulate the virtues and the talents of his father, died at eighteen years of age, March, 1820: to his memory his bereaved and wounded father erected a monument, on which he inscribed the following beautiful epitaph—

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild, redeeming virtues, Faith and Hope;
Meek Resignation; pious Charity:
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade Earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unaverted eye!

Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure;
Simple as unwearied infancy, and pure;—
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrow on thy tomb.

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CLERICAL HUMANITY.

It was late one Sunday evening in the month of September, eighteen hundred and ———, that an English clergyman, passing along one of the public streets of the metropolis, to his own residence in Grosvenor-place, was accosted by one of the unhappy wanderers of the night.

Gently disengaging his arm from her grasp; yet not like the unfeeling Levite, who passed by regardless, on the other side; or the self-righteous Pharisee, who questioned the divinity of his immaculate guest, because he shrank not from the touch of the contrite Magdalen;—he paused: "Young woman," he asked in a tone of blended pity and sorrow, "what do you expect will be the end of your present career? are you miserable on earth? have you no friend in this wide capital? seek then a refuge from the storm, by flying to that Being who receives the guilty, if penitent." Struck by the soothing tones of sympathy, so long strangers to her ears, the unhappy girl stood mute for some minutes before her interrogator. Mr. N. witnessed her emotions in silence; on regarding her with more attention, he perceived a form of exquisite beauty, and a face which, though robbed of its bloom, was so uncommonly lovely in its expression, that to behold it without feelings of admiration and pity, was impossible. Nineteen summers had scarcely rolled over her head, but sorrow had shed its influence so banefully over her, that her happiness was blighted for ever in the spring of life. At length she spoke, and her voice, broken by sighs, was yet sweet in its tones: "What must I do!" was her short, but strong appeal. Both were silent a moment, when she added, "I must persevere in this horrible career of infamy. I am an outcast from society! and, if I cannot gain protection from the children of frail humanity, how shall I dare to raise my eyes to the fountain of purity?" "Because," replied Mr. N., "he who knows our temptations will, if we repent, forgive them; and though sinless himself can, and does, feel our sorrows. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: 'a broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise.' In the days of his earthly ministration, the publicans and sinners

came to hear him, nor did he spurn them.—No, careful of the children of men, he taught them, and bade them come unto him; and if you, poor daughter of misery, will forsake your errors, he will say to you, as he said to the repentant Magdalen, ‘Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.’”

The unhappy girl covered her face with her clasped hands, to hide her bitter emotion, then throwing herself at the feet of Mr. N., she enquired—“But will he feed me as he did the five thousand in the wilderness? I am perishing for want!” “The days of such miraculous interposition, when Christianity was yet in its infancy, required some demonstration of its authenticity,” replied he; “those days are passed, but Christ came for an example, and those who truly love him will follow it; and that they do follow it, the numerous institutions in this Christian metropolis declare;” and then taking some silver from his pocket, he continued, “I give you this, not to enable you to persevere in the career of vice, but to procure you sustenance till more permanent relief can be afforded you;” then giving her his address, he added, “let me see you to-morrow, and if you are really willing to forsake this life of infamy, you shall find there are those both able and willing to follow the example of their divine master.”

Feeble indeed were the pen of the ablest writer, to delineate the gratitude of this poor outcast. Her benevolent preserver returned to the bosom of his family, blest with the consciousness of having done his duty. The following morning he waited upon the governors of the Magdalen-hospital: the unhappy girl was readily admitted within its walls; and there she became permanently reclaimed. Of her sad history, it may be needless to remark, she had been born to higher views, and was the fond object of parental love and hope, when, like too many others, she became, in an evil hour, the victim of heartless passion. Two years after these circumstances, when she had been clasped to the hand of parental forgiveness, she departed this life with the hope of a happy immortality.

Had the human lover of her reformation spurned her when she appealed to him, it is probable she would have perished in the paths of infamy, without hope. He soothed and he relieved her, while her prayers and blessings, which ascended to heaven as sweet incense on the altar of gratitude, shall gain

him more real satisfaction than the praises which are due to his talents as one of the finest ornaments of our church. Reader, "*Go thou, and do likewise.*"

The daughters of England are particularly interested in such acts of charity; and let them thus manifest their gratitude to that Being who has preserved them from the errors of the less fortunate of their sex; and, to use the words of one of the eloquent ministers of this institution, "By the shame of permitting a noble work of benevolence to decline (even in the centre of wealth) by parsimonious selfishness—by the glory of uniting with God himself in the succour of the wretched—by all their hope of the favour of that Judge who will one day make a rigid examination of their charitable deeds, they are exhorted—they are implored, to turn "a sinner from the error of her ways," and by that means to, "save a soul from death."

Caven-hall.

M. L. D.

TURCOMAN JEALOUSY OF A WOMAN'S HONOUR.

Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage; their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents; they stopped a moment to speak to each other; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and, when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs!

The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the lady of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this?

They replied, they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, "What! is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death!" and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threaten instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered.

During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, "No! no! it is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love." This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are both alive, with a numerous family of children.

So romantic a tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism, would have been incredible, were it not that all the parties were known to Mr. Maseyk, who related it; that he did so in the presence of many other persons born in Aleppo, and acquainted by report with the fact; and that the veracity of the narrator may be regarded as unquestionable.

Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.

ROYAL HEROISM.

It was at the famous battle of Ivry, that Henry addressed to his troops this short but spirit-stirring exhortation, "You are Frenchmen; there is the enemy; and I am your king." His advanced guard at first gave way, and some of them seemed ready to fly. "Turn," cried the monarch, and if you will not fight, at least see me die." They did turn and their desperate courage in a great measure decided the fortune of the day.

SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 277.)

THE royal manufactories of plate-glass and carpets, are each well worth a traveller's visit. The first is famous for the size and beauty of its mirrors. The Parisians, by the way, have a mania for looking-glasses; their luxury in this respect is unbounded, and often appears ridiculous; for even in the most miserable apartments, where the rest of the furniture is perhaps such as would disgrace a poor broker's-shop, you see handsome looking-glasses. A certain number of mirrors, in fact, always make part of the fixtures.

The carpets of the Royal manufactory are in imitation of those of Persia: they are very beautiful, and cost immense sums to manufacture. It is the custom for the king to present new-year's gifts annually to his family, the great officers of state, and such of his private friends as he wishes to compliment. There is a public exhibition of these presents for some days preceding that on which they are bestowed, and some of these magnificent carpets are found in the number.

In speaking of royal establishments, the King's printing-office must not be forgotten; the French say it is the most extensive in the world. It is in the *Hôtel de Soubise*. There is nothing striking in the building itself, but the arrangement of the office is remarkably good; and some idea of the variety of their type may be formed when the reader is told that they have materials for composition in one hundred and fifty languages. The office contains two hundred presses, but there are seldom more than seventy-four or seventy-five in use. This establishment gives bread to five hundred persons of both sexes, a number of women being employed in the book-binding department, which, as well as the printing, is carried on in it.

Before the Revolution, there were no circulating libraries in Paris; now they are so numerous that every street has one, where books may be procured even by the single volume; and it is very evident, from the appearance of the subscribers, that the lower class of the Parisians are deeply affected with that

love of novel-reading which is the bane of a great part of our population. The Parisian press is still more prolific than our own; for the number of novels, mostly bad ones, that issue from it is immense. Periodical publications are few in number.—Those devoted to education, general literature, music, and medicine, are respectable; but there are none in the style of our lighter periodicals; none of those agreeable melanges of tales, essays, criticism, and poetry, which are especially calculated for the fair sex. The only work expressly dedicated to them, is the *Journal des Dames*, the literary contents of which are altogether despicable.

English books may be purchased at different booksellers, but the only English circulating library is Galignani's, which affords, in general, new works, and a pretty fair selection of old ones. He has also a reading-room frequented by most of the English gentlemen in Paris. Such of my countrymen as love to herd together, will find themselves completely at home, for it is but little used by the French. I have occasionally seen, when I have gone out at an early hour, a specimen of the difference between the French and English national character. A few Englishmen have dropped in, one by one, and being strangers to each other, they took their seats at a cautious distance, coughed, hemmed, took up the papers in silence; each throwing, every now and then, a glance at the other, as if they wished to speak, but were afraid: no sooner does a Frenchman, equally a stranger to them all, pop in, than, with an air of easy confidence, he addresses a question to one, makes an observation to another, calls the attention of a third to something he has just heard or seen; and, in short, is as perfectly at his ease as if he had known them all his life.

There are one or two taverns where the *table d'hôte* is in the English style, and well served. There is also an English *restaurateur* recently opened under the name of Little Garraway's coffee-house. The dinners are in the plain English style, a dish of roast meat, two sorts of vegetables, cheese, and a pudding. It was at first the fashion with the French to go to dine there, but most of them found one visit quite enough, for the plainness of the fare disappointed their palates, and they found the silence and gravity of the company intolerable. "How!" said a Frenchman to me, "no soup, no desert, and you call this a dinner? *Ma foi*, you English are not difficult on the article of eating; and then a man might as well go to Turkey, and seat himself

in an assembly of Imans. *Mon Dieu*, what gloom! what silence! and not so much as a peep at a petticoat, as if a dinner could have a relish without women!"

One of the greatest conveniences of Paris is the cheapness and facility of sending letters and messages from one part of the town to the other. At the corner of every street there are always a certain number of porters, called *commissionnaires*, who go from one extreme of the town to the other on errands at a very moderate price. These people are proverbial for their honesty, and particularly tenacious to preserve their reputation for it. They will not suffer any stranger among them who cannot give a good account of himself, and produce testimonials to his character. The greater part of them are Savoyards, whom poverty obliges to leave their native mountains; they make their *débüt* in Paris generally as chimney-sweepers. Their situation in that employ is not so bad as with us; they are divided into parties of ten, who lodge together, and are under the superintendence of a countryman of their own. They generally find time to attend a school, where they receive religious instruction, and are taught reading and writing gratuitously. As they advance in life the greater part of them cede their sooty occupation to their juvenile compatriots, and become porters. They are distinguished alike for their honesty and civility, and generally acquire, after a few years, the means of ending their days comfortably in their native mountains, to which they invariably return as soon as they have the means to maintain themselves.

London and Paris seem to me each admirably calculated for its respective inhabitants. John Bull is, and long may he continue so, a home-loving animal, whose enjoyments are principally found at his own fire-side: thus, he is particularly tenacious of having every thing about him comfortable. Neatness, cleanliness, and order, are the first things he thinks about; after them comes elegance. The last is the only particular for which Monsieur cares much; he will be stylish in his way, whether he be comfortable or not: appearances, with him, are all. But in fact his enjoyments are principally out of doors; and a stranger, when he sees how every place of public amusement is thronged, is tempted to ask whether it is ever possible to find a Frenchman, who has the use of his legs, at home.

Go where you will in summer, whether to the promenades,

or to those public gardens where a small sum is paid for admission, you find them all full; and if, reader, you happen to have a taste for happy human faces, you will do well to visit these last. You will find yourself surrounded by groups who enter so heartily into the spirit of what is going forward, that they seem to have no other business on earth; and a merry business, it must be confessed, they make of it. There are half a dozen of these gardens, some of greater and some of less price and reputation, but the amusements are upon the same plan in all. In one part a concert; in another, a group of dancers. Here a conjuror does his "possible" to astonish you. There a display of fireworks enables the eye to follow for some time the ascent of an adventurous aeronaut. Crowds press in one direction to risk their necks down the artificial mountains, with an eagerness that I should call childish, if I had a less profound respect for His Prussian Majesty, who, if he is not libelled, was as mountain-mad as any Frenchman of them all; it being one of his chief amusements during his sojourn in Paris.

The principal of these gardens, that of *Tivoli*, is forty acres in extent, and is laid out in such a manner that it seems even larger; its artificial mountains are the highest, and are said to be the safest of any. The *Jardin Turc* is less spacious, but extremely well laid out. There is a superb *café*, fitted up entirely in the Turkish style, and a barmaid, who though not quite as beautiful as a *Houri*, is pretty and piquant enough. The prices of admission vary according to the entertainment that you are to expect.

While I am upon the subject, I must not forget the winter amusements of the Parisians. Dancing is one of the principal; they dance indeed all the year round, but more in the winter than the summer. Public balls are very numerous, and private ones still more so. Masked balls also are very general, particularly in the fortnight preceding Ash-Wednesday, the time of the cardinal. This festival used formerly to be very brilliant, groups of maskers paraded the streets in carriages and on foot, some whimsically, others elegantly dressed, and all exhibiting that sort of gay fantastic humour which is the life and soul of such diversions. But within the last three years, the street-exhibitions have dwindled down to a nominal carnival. The pedestrian masks are very few, and have nothing either in their dress or deportment worthy of notice. The carriage-groups are not very numerous, and are all, with the exception of Franconi's people, common-place.

It is during the last three days of the carnival that the procession of the *Bœuf gras* takes place.—It is the largest and finest ox that can be found, for which government gives an annual prize. He is led through the streets, his head adorned with a wreath of laurel, and decorated with a kind of housing of tapestry. He is preceded by a band of music, and followed by the worshipful company of butchers in fancy dresses; and a more grotesque group cannot well be imagined, for every thing but taste and propriety is consulted in their costume. A child, beautiful as a Cupid, dressed in white, and adorned with blue ribands, follows the ox in a triumphal car. The animal is paraded in this style through different parts of the town, before he is led to be slaughtered; and the infant king of the butchers, as the child is called, is taken to the Tuilleries, where he receives presents from the Duke de Bourdeaux and Mademoiselle.

Skaiting is also a very favourite amusement with the Parisians; the moment the cold sets in, the thermometer is consulted, and as soon as it is safe to venture, and perhaps even before, crowds of ladies and gentlemen hasten to the basin of the Tuilleries, the *basin de la Villettes*, or the *canal de l'Ourq*, which are the favourite resorts of the lovers of skaiting. Wrapt in furs and velvet, the fearless fair venture upon the ice as boldly as their male friends, and take, or appear to take, an equal delight in the diversion. I do not know that I ever saw Frenchwomen to less advantage; the amusement itself is, in my opinion, utterly unfit for women to partake in, and it affords no room for the display of those artificial graces peculiar to Frenchwomen; but it certainly gives ample scope for the exhibition of that fearlessness of danger, which they pride themselves so much upon possessing.

Morning and evening concerts are also very frequent in winter, and card-parties are universally in favour. Both sexes are fond of play, but the spirit of gambling among the ladies seems, principally, confined to these who have passed the meridian of their charms. *Converzationes* are also fashionable; but heaven defend me from a French *converzazione*! it is an encounter of tongues, which one must have strong nerves and uncommon patience to be able to stand.

(To be continued.)

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

Through what a magnifying glass we view
The faults of others!—with half-shut eyes behold
The follies incident to human nature,
When pictured in ourselves!

It were well for mankind in general, did they attend more strictly to the benign precept delivered by our blessed Saviour in his inimitable Sermon on the Mount:—"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—We are all too prone to pronounce a hasty and even severe judgment on the actions of our fellow-creatures; and maliciously to exaggerate their foibles, and to place their failings in the most conspicuous point of view, at the same time carefully concealing from our own hearts, all consciousness that we are ourselves deserving the same censure we so liberally bestow on the actions of our neighbours.

Francis Stanhope, the hero of the following tale, was the only child of a gentleman of good family and considerable fortune. He had just returned from the University, to enjoy for a season, on his paternal estate, the easy life of an independant country gentleman.

Possessing a fine person, splendid talents, and good health, young Stanhope did not enjoy that cheerfulness of disposition and happiness of mind which, generally, result from such advantages. Vain of his family, education, and riches, he derived no pleasure from the objects of his self-love; he was disappointed that other people did not form the same high opinion of him that he had formed of himself, and he viewed the world with a discontented, prejudiced eye, though unconsciously most desirous of its applause. He courted virtue in theory, and was loud in his condemnation of vice; but he wanted resolution to practice the one, or to subdue the other: thinking himself sufficiently good in abstaining from those scenes of riot and dissipation, too commonly resorted to by young men of his own age. His leisure hours were occupied in fanciful speculations on the baseness of mankind, the follies of the rich, and the want of moral worth in the lower walks of life; and he had so completely poisoned his mind with these pernicious doctrines, that he was universally shunned and disliked by his connexions and acquaintance.

His father, who most tenderly loved him, was anxious to

remove such a delusion from his mind; and, therefore, tried every argument to convince him that, even amongst the most criminal of his fellow-creatures, he might find some good feeling, or principle of virtue, left; talents which, if wisely applied, would have rendered the erring possessor an ornament of, instead of an outcast from, society. Mr. Stanhope endeavoured to convince his son that a plain, religious education often produced better fruits than a refined one; that good sense was superior to sensibility; and honest industry preferable to a state of indolent affluence, which seldom conferred permanent or real happiness on its possessor.

These parental admonitions and lessons of wisdom had, hitherto, been vainly applied. Francis still continued to contemplate the actions of his neighbours with the same jaundiced eye, and to pass his usual harsh and hasty criticisms on every individual who was not fortunate enough to reach his ideal standard of perfection.

One morning, when the usual topic had been for some time warmly disputed, Mr. Stanhope remarked sternly to his son, on his want of charity towards his fellow-creatures.—“Francis,” said he, “it is with painful solicitude for your future welfare, that I daily witness the harsh and arbitrary manner in which you pass your opinion on the conduct of others. If you value your own peace of mind, overcome this querulous and discontented disposition, or you will make every man your enemy, and not enjoy the benefit of a single friend.”

“Excepting Mr. Irvin, our excellent vicar,” returned his son, “I know no one here deserving that name; and the ill-will of people I despise never affects me; nay, I consider it a positive compliment to myself to be the objects of their aversion.”

“Pride, self-love, and vanity, dictated that speech,” continued Mr. Stanhope: “you are my only son, Francis; and all my earthly hopes centre in you; yet, in spite of the indulgence generally granted to parents in their estimation of the worth of their offspring, I cannot perceive in what you so eminently excel the young people of your own age, whom you thus affect to despise. But since you allow Mr. Irvin to be your friend, visit with him the dwellings of the poor; and contemplating the virtues and the piety, as well as the wants and suffering, of your fellow-creatures, learn to think humbly of yourself.”

Mr. Stanhope sternly withdrew, leaving Francis overwhelmed with confusion, and ashamed of the vanity he had displayed on this occasion. For the first time in his life he determined to make a stricter, though a more candid, investigation into the actions of men.

Mr. Irvin was the only man, next to his father, for whom Francis felt the least affection; and to him he gave his unbounded esteem and confidence.—In his choice of a friend, Francis Stanhope had chosen wisely. The excellent character and exemplary life of the pious divine never failed to enforce the truth of his doctrines; and Francis, when under his tuition, had been an amiable and benevolent boy. The gentle admonitions of the pastor had successfully subdued the violent and irascible temper of his pupil; but association with the world, in after life, had produced the most fearful change in his habits and disposition, and had again excited those violent passions which Mr. Irvin had so successfully endeavoured to overcome.

Francis had been absent from home two years; during which period he had, occasionally, corresponded with his respected tutor; and it was with real sorrow that Mr. Irvin perused letters which, instead of containing the joyous benevolent sentiments of youth, were filled with discontented murmurings and ungenerous strictures on the conduct of mankind.

Conscious of an alteration in himself, Francis had hitherto delayed returning the good vicar's visit of congratulation on his arrival once more, to enjoy the society of his native town; he now determined, therefore, to make a candid apology for his unpardonable neglect, and to open his whole heart to his indulgent master. Snatching up his hat, he now directed his steps towards the parsonage.

A lovely afternoon in the fall of the year, tended not a little to rouse Francis from his usual gloomy train of thought, and to restore to his spirits the gaiety and animation of youth.—The hedges, glowing with autumnal berries; the changing hues of the woods that skirted the town, reflecting their broad shadows in the river, whose silvery waters glided in ample curves, through the extended plain; and the rich meadows, still decked with verdure, filled his mind with a sense of devotion, and a spirit of contemplation he had not often experienced since his communion with the world.

Those fields had witnessed the guileless sports of his childhood; in the quiet mansion, whose old-fashioned white turrets

peeped through the lofty elms which surrounded it, he had, in the days of boyhood, received from Mr. Irvin's lips the sacred lessons of religion and peace.—At that happy period his eyes would have glistened at the recital of a tale of sorrow, and his heart swoln with benevolent compassion towards his fellow-creatures.—Yes, he felt he was changed—that he was no longer the Francis Stanhope of former years; yet this alteration he imputed to the companions with whom he had associated, instead of the vanity and deceitfulness of his own heart, which felt an unusual degree of agitation as he crossed the lawn in front of the parsonage, and approached the house where he had spent the best and happiest hours of his life.

He found Mr. Irvin in his study, preparing a discourse for the ensuing Sabbath. At the sight of his old pupil the vicar resigned his pen, and welcomed him with his usual kindness.

"I fear I intrude, my dear sir, for I perceive you are engaged?"

"You have long been a stranger, Francis, where you should be most at home.—When did you ever find me too busy to welcome an old friend? I have long wished to have some private conversation with you."

"And I, sir, am almost afraid to encounter the lecture I richly deserve for my neglect."

"You have sinned more against yourself than me," returned the vicar; "but candidly tell me to what circumstance I am indebted for your visit to day."

"Mr. Irvin, I am sick at heart!" exclaimed Francis, grasping the hand of the vicar, while his quivering lip and faltering voice proclaimed the perturbation of his feelings.

"And you seek me, to heal its wounds?"

"If you will deign to give me your advice."

"When did I ever refuse it to my friend? but I fear I shall tax your temper and patience to the utmost; for, as I perceive the disease is violent, the remedy must unavoidably be severe.—Francis," he continued in a sterner voice, "a faulty character I ever knew you to be; but if your disposition was hasty, your heart was good; and the promise of your early youth made me fondly anticipate, that I should, one day, behold in you a good and amiable man. You are greatly altered since we parted. I can scarcely recognize my pupil in the gloomy misanthrope before me. Lay your heart open to my inspection, and tell me what has effected this change in your once generous disposition."

Francis became greatly agitated as he replied, "The world."

"It is a school," returned the vicar, "in which both good and evil are to be acquired; presenting a varied picture of virtue and vice. The choice rests with ourselves, and, if directed by religion, you will not fail to prefer the right path. If you have yielded to the temptations which too often ensnare and mislead young and inexperienced minds, renounce the error of your ways; implore pardon at the hands of your Creator, and he will not fail to restore to you your former peace and ---."

"Indeed, my dear sir, I have given way to no vice,—I have carefully abstained from the idle pursuits of my gayer companions, and lothe the disgusting manner in which they employ their talents and time. It is of this I complain; of this I am sick and weary, so that I can feel no fellowship, no affection for a race of beings, whose employments are dictated either by a sordid love of gain, or by a desire to further the gratification of their animal passions. The more I look into mankind, the more dissatisfied I am with myself and with all the world."

"The fault lies not in the world, my son, but in your own bosom; your discontent has its origin in self-love and inordinate vanity."

The colour rose to young Stanhope's brow. "Impossible!"

"Yes, Francis; I repeat it, vanity.—You consider yourself superior to all mankind; while you condemn in them the follies and weakness of your own heart."

"Mr. Irvin!" exclaimed Francis, starting abruptly from his seat, "you speak—"

"Like a friend—" returned the good vicar, interrupting and gently detaining his impatient companion.—"What I advance is the truth, however unwelcome to your ears. The surgeon must lay bare the wound before he can attempt to heal it; and though the exposure must be painful to himself and his patient, a cure cannot be effected without such disagreeable circumstances. Francis, I answered for you at the font; I have loved you as a son, and that sullen frown and impatient gesture will neither terrify nor deter me from doing my duty."

Francis looked up, his heart in his eyes; stammered—coloured, and remained silent.

Mr. Irvin perceived his advantage, and continued—

"I wish I could infuse into your bosom a little more of the sunshine of content.—Why, my dear Francis, suffer the con-

trary feeling to throw an everlasting cloud over the natural benevolence of your heart. Banish from your mind this false sensibility, which destroys all its energies, and renders your life a burthen to yourself and useless to others."

"Would you wish me to become a mere animal, a living machine? confining my ideas to the dull circle of worldly avocations, without suffering a thought to expand beyond their narrow limits?" returned Francis, with some warmth.

"I wish you had been the son of a poor man, Francis, and your thoughts directed to the attainment of that knowledge necessary for some useful business or liberal profession. You would have possessed a more cheerful disposition, a wiser head, and a warmer heart."

"A warmer heart!" repeated Francis, trembling with indignation, which he with great difficulty suppressed, "No mechanical employment would have given me that."

His pride was now completely wounded; he tried to conceal it from the vicar, but did it so awkwardly, that he only betrayed himself; while that worthy gentleman, without noticing his apparent confusion, calmly continued—

"Want of employment is the true cause of your discontent; this renders you restless and unhappy. Nursed in the lap of prosperity, you have never received a single lesson from the severe but useful school of adversity. In the possession of health and many personal advantages, you have never felt any real cause of sorrow beyond the loss of your lamented mother. Yet you despise the good which a munificent Creator has so profusely showered down on you; making to yourself imaginary evils, spending hours of valuable time in discontented repinings against that all-wise Providence for suffering, unwisely as you think, evil to exist in the world. I repeat, Francis, had you been born in a humbler station of life, you would have been a wiser and better man. The time so unprofitably wasted would have been constantly employed in business, and the necessary avocations attending on employment. Your thoughts would early have been directed to the profession or calling you were destined to fill, and the hours allotted to exercise and pleasure would have been thankfully received and truly enjoyed."

"You have convinced me that I am at present a very useless being," replied Francis, beginning to feel the folly of his past conduct.

"You might be quite the reverse: it rests entirely with

yourself," returned Mr. Irvin. "But since we are upon this subject, allow me to ask you how you spend your time?"

"In reading and contemplation."

"What books are most suited to your taste?"

"History, biography, poetry; works of imagination, commonly denominated novels, and the drama.—But what pleases me most, and completely captivates my attention, are the writings of the French philosophers."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Irvin with a sigh, "but, my young friend, does the Bible often form a part of your studies?"

Francis had expected this question, but when it was put to him with an air of such tender concern for his welfare, he felt confused and abashed as he replied—"I have often perused the sacred volume with attention, and seldom fail to refer to it on the Sabbath."

"I am sorry it has not been the daily companion of your thoughts—Do you believe the sacred truths it contains?"

"Yes, in a general way; but doubts will sometimes arise."

"You may thank your modern philosophers, in a great measure, for that," returned Mr. Irvin. "Read the sacred volume more attentively, and those doubts will vanish. Make it your companion, and it will ultimately bestow on you that peace and happiness, the possession of which you so ardently desire. It is a counsellor that will not deceive; a friend who will never desert you in the hour of need, but prove your safeguard and support through the trials of this world, and an unerring guide and passport to the next." Mr. Irvin paused, exhausted by the earnestness with which he had enforced his argument; but perceiving the eyes of young Stanhope bent on the ground and full of tears, he changed the subject; and, in a cheerful voice, said, "Perhaps, my dear Francis, you will step into the parlour, and spend half an hour with my wife and daughter, till I am at leisure to accompany you in a walk. They will be glad to welcome an old friend."

Francis joyfully assented, willing to terminate a scene which had been very painful to his feelings; retiring, therefore, from the library, and crossing the hall, he tapped with a trembling hand at the parlour-door.—"Come in," was twice repeated by a sweet female voice, and the next moment Francis found himself in the well-known apartment.

(To be continued.)

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 264.)

THE vessel proceeded on her voyage.—Frank requested the captain's permission to swing a hammock alongside his birth, on the pretence that the birth was rendered damp and unwholesome by a leak in the deck above it. This reasonable petition was of course granted, and when night had closed watchful eyes, and dropped her friendly veil, so essential to the clandestine enterprises of the most ingenious, Frank rescued Perdita from a position, in which she had suffered not only the inconveniences, but the terrors, of an African slave; and wrapping her in his own dreadnought, and drawing his watch-cap over her bright luxuriant hair, he conducted her past the open door of the captain's state-room, and past his sleeping companions, to his own birth; then whispering to her, "that she was as safe as a ship in harbour," he gave her some bread and a glass of wine, for which he had bartered his allowance of spirits, and laid himself down in his own hammock, to the companionship of such thoughts as are ministering angels about the pillow of the virtuous.

The following day, a storm arose—a storm still remembered, as the most terrible and disastrous that ever occurred in Chesapeake-bay. There were several passengers of consequence on board the Hazard, among others two deacons who were going to the mother country to receive orders—for then, we of the colonies, who have since taken all rights into our own hands, dared not exercise the rights God had given us, without the assent of the Lords Bishops. Night came on, the storm increased, and then, when the ship was in extremity, when death howled in every blast, when "the timid shrieked and the brave stood still,"—then was the unwearied activity, the exhaustless invention, and the unconquerable resolution of Frank Stuart, the last human support and help of the unhappy crew. The master of the Hazard was advanced in life, and unnerved by the usual feebleness and timidity of age. He had but just enough presence of mind left, to estimate the masterly conduct of young Stuart, and he abandoned the command of the vessel

to him, and retired, to what is too often only a last resource—to prayers with the churchmen.

Once or twice Stuart disappeared from the deck, ran to whisper a word of encouragement to his trembling charge, and then return with renewed vigour to his duty. Owing, under Providence, to his exertions, the Hazard rode out a storm which filled the seaman's annals with many a tale of terror. Gratitude is too apt to rest in second causes, in the visible means of deliverance, and perhaps an undue portion was now felt towards the intrepid youth. The passengers lavished their favours on him—they supplied his meals with the most delicate wines and fruits, and the choicest viands from their own stores; he, with the superstition characteristic of his profession, firmly believed that heaven had sent the storm to unlock their hearts to him, and thus afford him the means of furnishing Perdita with dainties suited to her delicate appetite; so that she fared, as he afterwards boasted, like the daughter of a king in her father's palace.

Stuart was kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the mate of the vessel. He knew that this fellow, one of those imbeciles that bend like a reed before a strong blast, had been hostile to him ever since the storm, when the accidental superiority of his station had been compelled to bow to Frank's superior genius. He was aware that the mate had, by malicious insinuations, estranged the captain from him, and he was but too certain that he should have nothing to hope, if his secret were discovered by this base man. Perhaps this apprehension gave him an air of unwonted constraint in the presence of his enemy; certain it is, the mate's eye often rested on him with an expression of eager watchfulness and suspicion, and Stuart, perceiving it, would contract his brow and compress his lips, in a way that betrayed how hard he strove with his rising passion. The difficulty of concealment was daily increasing, as one after another of his messmates, either from some inevitable accident, or from a communication becoming necessary on his part, obtained possession of his secret. But his ascendancy over them was complete, and, by threats or persuasions, he induced them all to promise inviolable secrecy. There is an authority in a determined spirit, to which men naturally do homage. It is heaven's own charter of a power, to which none can refuse submission.

Frank never permitted his comrades to approach Perdita, or

to speak a word to her; but in the depths of the night, when the mate's and the old captain's senses were locked in sleep, he would bring her forth to breath the fresh air. Seated on the gunwale, she would bestow on him the only reward in her gift—the treasures of her sweet voice; and Frank said, the winds sat still in the sails to listen. There were times when not a human sound was heard in the ship, when these two beings, borne gently on by the tides in mid ocean, felt as if they were alone in the universe.

It was at such times that Frank felt an irrepressible curiosity to know something more of the mysterious history of Perdita, whose destiny heaven, he believed, had committed to his honour; and once he ventured to introduce the topic nearest his heart, by saying, "You bade me call you Perdita, but I do not like the name; it puts me too much in mind of those rodomontade novels, that turn the girls' heads, and set them a sailing, as it were, without chart or compass, in quest of unknown worlds."—He hesitated; it was evident he had betaken himself to a figure, to avoid an explicit declaration of his wishes:—after a moment's pause he added—"it suits me best to be plain-spoken—it is not the name that I objected to so much, but—but, hang it—I think you know Frank Stuart now, well enough to trust him with your real name."

The unhappy girl cast down her eyes, and said "that Perdita suited her better than any other name."

"Then you will not trust me?"

"Say not so, my noble, generous friend," she exclaimed—"trust you!—have I not trusted you?—you know that I would trust you with any thing that was my own—but my name—my father's name, I have forfeited by my folly."

"Oh no—that you shall not say—a brave ship is not run down with a light breeze, and a single folly of a young girl cannot sink a good name—a folly!" he continued, thus indirectly pushing his inquiries, "if it is a folly, its a common one—there's many a stouter heart than your's, that's tried to face a gale of love, and been obliged to bear about and scud before the wind."

"Who told you?—how did you discover?" demanded Perdita in a hurried, alarmed manner.

Frank's generous temper disdained to surprise the unwary girl into confidence, and he immediately surrendered the ad-

vantage he had gained. "Nobody has told me," he said—"I have discovered nothing—I only guessed, as the yankees say—now wipe away your tears—the sea wants no more salt water; and, believe me, Frank Stuart has not such a woman's spirit in him, that he cannot rest content without knowing a secret."

In spite of Frank's manly resolution, he did afterwards repeatedly intimate the longings of his curiosity, but they were always met with such unaffected distress on the part of Perdita, that he said he had not the heart to press them.

As the termination of the voyage approached, Stuart became more intensely anxious, lest his secret should be discovered. The mildest consequence would be, that he should forfeit his wages. That he cared not for;—like Goldsmith's poor soldier, he could lie on a bare board, and thank God he was so well off. "While he had youth and health," he said, "and there was a ship afloat on the wide sea, he was provided for." But his companions who had been true to him, might forfeit their pay; for by their fidelity to him, they had in some measure become his accessaries. But he found consolation even under this apprehension; "the honest lads," he said, "would soon make a full purse empty; but the memory of a good action was a treasure gold could not buy—a treasure that would stick by them for ever—a treasure for the port of heaven." There was, however, one apprehended evil, for which his philosophy offered no antidote.

He was sure the captain would deem it his duty, or make it his will, (even Frank's slight knowledge of human nature told him that will and duty were too often convertible terms,) to return the fugitive to her soi-disant master in Maryland. Nothing could exceed the vigilance with which he watched every movement and turn that threatened a detection, or the ingenuity with which he evaded every circumstance that tended to it—but alas! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

One night, when it was blowing a gale, a particular rope was wanted, which the mate remembered to have stowed away in the steerage. Frank eagerly offered to search for it, but the mate was certain that no one but himself could find it, and taking a lantern he went in quest of it. Frank followed him with fear and trembling. He has since been in many

a desperate sea-fight, but he declares he never felt so much like a coward as at that moment. The mate's irritable humour had been somewhat stirred by Frank's persisting in his offer, to go for the rope, and when he turned and saw him at his heels, he asked angrily, "what he was dogging him for?" "The ship rolls so heavily," replied Frank in a subdued tone, "that I thought you might want me to hold the lantern for you." Frank's unwonted meekness quite conciliated the mate, and though he rejoined, "I think I have been used to the rolling of a ship a little longer than you, young man," he spoke good-naturedly, and Frank ventured to proceed.

Most fortunately, as Frank thought, the mate directed his steps to the side of the ship opposite Perdita, but making a little circuit in his return, he passed between Frank's hammock and Perdita's birth. At this moment the poor lad's heart, as he afterwards averred, stopped beating. The ship rolled on that side, and the mate catching hold of the birth to save himself from falling, exclaimed, "In heaven's name, what lazy devil is here, when every hand is wanted on deck!" and raising his lantern to identify the supposed delinquent sailor, he discovered the beautiful girl. For a moment he was dumb with amazement, but soon recalling the search at Oxford, the whole truth flashed upon him: he turned to Frank, and shaking his fist in his face, "Ah, this is you, Stuart?" he said, and enforced his gesture with a horrible oath.

"Yes," retorted Frank, now standing boldly forth, "it is me, thank God,"—and then drawing a curtain that he had arranged before Perdita's birth, he bade her fear nothing.

"Oh Frank," she exclaimed, "I cannot fear where you are." This involuntary expression of confidence went to her protector's heart. There is no man so dead to sentiment, as not to be touched by the trust of woman, especially if she be young and beautiful. Frank was at the age when sentiment is absolute, and he was resolved to secure his treasure at every hazard. Perdita's declaration, while it stimulated his zeal, awakened the mean jealousies of the mate.

"And so, my pretty miss," he said, "you fear nothing where this fellow is—I can tell you, for all that he may boast, and you may believe, he is neither master nor mate yet; and, please the Lord, I'll prove as much to him this very night."

"And how will you prove it?" asked Stuart, in a voice which, though as calm as he could make it, resembled the low growl of a bull-dog before he springs on his victim.

"I'll prove it, my lad, by telling the whole story of your smuggled goods to the captain. A pretty piece of work this, to be carried on under the nose of your officers. It's no better than a mutiny, for I'll warrant it the whole ship's crew are leagued with you."

Stuart reined in his passions, and condescended to expostulate. He represented to the mate that he could gain nothing by giving information to the captain. He described with his simple eloquence, the oppression the poor girl had already suffered; the cruelty of disappointing her present hopes, just as they were on the point of being realized, for the ship was not more than twenty-four hours sail from Cowes; he appealed to his compassion, his generosity, his manliness; but in vain, he found no accessible point. The mean pride of having discovered the secret, and the pleasure of humbling Stuart, mastered every good feeling of the mate, if indeed he possessed any, and he turned away, saying with a sort of chuckling exultation, "that he should go and do his duty."

"Stop," cried Frank, grasping his arm with a gripe that threatened to crush it. "Stop and hear me—I swear by Him that made me, if you dare so much as to hint by word, look, or movement, the secret you have discovered here, you shall not cumber the earth another day!—day—said I—no, not an hour.—I'll send you to the devil as swift as a cannon-ball ever went to the mark.—Look," he continued, tearing away the curtain he had just drawn before Perdita—"could any thing short of the malice of Satan himself contrive to harm such helpless innocence as that?—do you hear me?"—he added in a voice that outroared the storm—"In God's name, look at me, and see—I am in earnest."

The mate had no doubt to satisfy, he trembled like an aspen-leaf—in vain he essayed to raise his eyes, the passion that glanced in Frank's face, and dilated his whole figure, affected the trembling wretch like a stroke of the sun. He reeled in Frank's iron grasp, his abject fear changed Stuart's wrath to contempt, and giving him an impulse that sent him quite out of the door, he returned to sooth Perdita with the assurance that

she had nothing to fear from the "cowardly dog." She was confounded with terror, but much more frightened by the vehemence of Stuart's passion than by the threats of the mate. She had always seen her protector move like an unobstructed stream along its course, in calm and silent power. Now he was the torrent, that no human force could control or direct.

She saw before her calamities far worse than any she had endured. She believed that the mate, as soon as he was recovered from his paroxysm of terror, would communicate his discovery. She apprehended the most fatal issue from Frank's threats and determined resolution; and the possibility that his generous zeal for her might involve him in crime, was intolerable to her. Such thoughts do not become less terrible by solitary meditation—in the solemnity of night and amidst the howlings of a storm. Every blast spoke reproach and warning to Perdita, and tortured by those harpies, remorse and fear, she took a sudden resolution to reveal herself to the captain, feeling at the moment that if she warded off evil from her protector, she could patiently abide the worst consequences to herself.

(To be continued.)

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Henry one day heard an officer speaking in his native *patois*, and going up to him, asked him where he came from. "Sire," replied the officer boldly, "your majesty has often cut my father's bread." "Aye," cried the king, "and where?" At Nerac, sire, where my father is still a baker." "Fairly answered, comrade, and you, who are so worthy to be an officer, how long is it since you have been made one?" "Sire, it was only the day before yesterday, that Monseigneur Tour d'Auvergne granted me that favour, which he has not bestowed upon my comrade Classai, who however, deserves it more than I do, but no doubt Monseigneur does not know him." "I do not know him neither, my honest fellow; but however, upon your recommendation, I shall make him an officer; and I will take care of your comrade, and of your father the baker into the bargain."

 NOBODY'S ADDRESS.

To the *EDITOR* of the *LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM*.

HONOURABLE SIR,

HAVING received intimation by the Edinburgh Courant, that the GREAT UNKNOWN has met with a most signal catastrophe, it becomes my duty, by an old decree of Fate, to herald the event, through your pages, to the world:—namely, that being at a grand charity dinner in that city, where all the clever and rich inhabitants were assembled, and, of course, Sir Walter Scott amongst the rest, the above-mentioned long-mysteriously-hidden personage, was, all at once, *swallowed up whole* by that gentleman; who, though esteemed a humane man, triumphantly declared, “he had now made an end of him!”

If you had seen the astonishment of the company!—But the deed was done; the past could not be recalled; and the GREAT UNKNOWN, having been no sooner unlocked like *the old man in the box*, and rendered visible to men's eyes, than thus clapped under hatches again, and sealed to perpetual silence within the veritable lips of the accomplished cater, than a scene took place that made every body's hair stand an end.—A swarm of nobodies, little suspected to be present, began to look big and swell, though they were nothing but tadpole pigmies; evidently with the idea of hereafter equalling the amazing calibre, and weight of metal, of the just deceased leviathan of mortal genius!—For, in the moment in which the Stolwarth baronet had dragged him forth to the wondering gaze of his friends at the board, the full dimensions of the hitherto-invisible giant of literature, were unreservedly beheld!—and it was then discovered, that the GREAT UNKNOWN, which the majority of his marvellous admirers had conceived to have been nothing less than a congregation of clever persons like themselves, who, meeting in secret conclave, each laboured singly, but sent forth their divers manufactures under the one vast shadowy name;—was so far from being this sort of pitiful subterfuge for slender human talent, doled about amongst so many, and re-collected into a joint-stock concern; that he proved to be one of the Titans! a huge preternatural being, the very last of the race of Briareus; with heads and hands not to be numbered; and all at work at once; with such a

dexterity and power, creating such a mist of visions in the air round the smoking viands; that the worshipful company knew not what to think of it; whether the sprites they saw, were a sudden *glamour* of the *second sight* to them all! or, indeed, an army of hungry Highlanders, or starving covenanters, or desperate cavaliers, and red-hot crusaders, bursting forth at once, to make clear decks of their beef and pudding, porridge, and browse!—But, however, in the midst of the universal dread and awe, Sir Walter was so kind as most *apropos* to open his good-humoured mouth, and, with the one astonishing gulp, swallowed up the giant and all his mysteries!!!

The danger over, there was peace in a moment; at least, if staring muteness be a sign of it!—Every man was dumb.—Some, ignorantly agape at the warlock act, blessing themselves against Sir Walter, having shewn himself so true a kin to Michael o' the black buke!—Some, with envy of the glorious meal the worthy baronet had made.—Others, with admiration of the inward capacity, which could hold so mighty a mass, without apparent indigestion or inflation; for he looked just the same after he had stomached the prodigious morsel, with all its garniture of laurels and other deleterious appendages, as before the presence of the GREAT UNKNOWN was revealed to the company, and his overwhelming exit witnessed.—And besides, other persons, (the most amiable of the party,) were speechless at the thought, they should never more hear that strangely spell-pronouncing voice, which the merciless jaws of their brother-guest had put to silence; they remembered, with horror, that he had declared—"It should never speak again!"

Indeed, there were many present, who had a much livelier affection for the *crack* of the old Baron of Braidwardine, or the memorials of old weather-scathed Mortality, than for all the imperial things the spirit of the dead Napoleon might chuse to utter through the lips of the mighty magician of Melrose.—In short, there was a simpering smile on every face; but a most qualmish repugnance, to quite stomach the loss they had sustained, by the saturn-like appetite of their friend Sir Walter; but yet, as their simultaneous inward *soughings* failed to produce the slightest sympathetic yearning from his indomitable bowels; the whole party soon felt, that any hope of recovering the wonderful idol of their regretful wishes, must be for ever resigned.—They then drank "to the *immortal memory* of the

GREAT UNKNOWN!" with *three times nine!*—But it proved an unlucky incantation; for immediately, as I before hinted, certain odd-looking little monsters, began creeping about under the legs of the convivial mourners of the renowned departed; just, indeed, in the way the animated teeth of the slain dragon of old began to sprout from the ground, and scratch and bite, without any quarter to each other: But myself or my deputy, (it matters not which,) knowing what spawn they are of—(a set of elfish nobodies; over whom my birth-right rules with a rod of iron!) at once set a broad foot upon them to scrape them out.

For, be it known to you, Mr. Editor, that I am, in fact, the only legitimate issue, and heir of the GREAT UNKNOWN; being no other than the long notorious, and equally awfully mysterious personage, NOBODY! a character of even more extraordinary endowments than my late so-worthily-celebrated, and ever to-be-lamented progenitor! I request your excellency to observe, that in actions of the greatest good or the greatest mischief, when not traceable to any acknowledging name, my powerful agency is always supposed; and indeed I must say, there never was a magnificent piece of charity, reported to have been done by stealth, that it was not found NOBODY did it.—But I will not confess so much with regard to the ill insinuated; such as the transformation of a fair reputation into black, by the necromancy of a thousand slanders: and then the bold assertion that NOBODY uttered them!—I must here speak up for the honour of myself.—NOBODY scorns the sneaking assassination of slander, in the way it ought to be,—“like the sin of witchcraft!”—NOBODY detests as poison, falsehood in the garb of candour; cutting up the fair fame of innocence, with a single doubt, a nod, and belike a smile!—NOBODY abhors selfishness under the mask of goodfellowship, which hacks and hews all before it, whether friends or foes, when found to stand at all in the way of its own particular desires!—In short, NOBODY would now rather incur poverty, pains, and death, than become over-reaching, treacherous, and the cause of suffering to others!

This, therefore, being NOBODY'S creed, you will never suspect me of deserving the old-fashioned charges preferred from time immemorial against me. I confess, indeed, to *nobody* being by the side of Shakespeare, at his deer-stealing frolic, sharing either a portion of his spirit or of his venison. But I will not allow, that *nobody* was as great a free-booter as the old Scotch moss-

troopers of the marches; when Douglas harried Percy, and Percy harried Douglas; and "the wight Widdrington, fought upon his stumps!"—Say, brave sons of those days, were your sires slain by nobody? or, did they gather their heroic names by protecting their border-lands against nobody?—The list of blackmail *SOMEBODIES* may yet be read; and the accusation against my spotless identity, be turned in consequence, blotted to the wall.

So much for the slander of *NOBODY*! I now proceed to the more pleasing schedule of my as loudly and more truly reported merits.—For instance, in point of military skill, it is universally agreed, that *Nobody* fully equalled the generalship of the great British victor at Waterloo!—And it is also acknowledged, in the strain of modern poetry, that *nobody* transcends the writings of the late Lord Byron, and the existing Mrs. Hemans; the pure muse of the latter, completely antidoting the baneful part from the muse of the former; and in that, *Nobody* equals the lady in the noble manliness of her thoughts!

But to perfect all, in a word! it being actually sworn to, by youth and age, in hall and bower, that the *GREAT UNKNOWN* has proved himself to be in warfare, in peace-fare, in policies old and new,—in antiquarianism of all sorts,—in loves and graces,—in tales and stories,—in facts and fictions,—amongst high folk or low folk,—in one land or another,—the most eminent sorcerer that ever moved a wand:—and withal, it must in short, be at last admitted by all his compeers, that *NOBODY* is greater than he!

Then, Mr. Editor, as my diploma is from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews,—all the world! I need not further hint to you, the constellation of brilliant matter, that must from such a galaxy be hoarded in my pen, to be shed abroad at certain seasons, on any pages I would enrich by the dew of my ink.—Think then what will be the extraordinary distinction of the Ladies' Monthly Museum, if, as a reward for its acknowledged qualifications for a judicious deposit of all valuable gems, for the advancement of feminine virtues and feminine graces, it be found, *Nobody* dares object against one word! one only word! The modesty, that is too great to avow all that the great invisible powers of genius bestow upon it!

Some present themselves singly, as in some incognito bard, or fair tale-telling troubadour;—but *No'body* steps forth in the

ample panoply of all the varied abilities centred in himself; the very suit armour of the *great unknown*; and it has fallen in full clangor upon the shoulders of, Sir Editor, your very humble servant. By a peculiar construction in the helmet, which contains a cavity in the skull, which only myself and my lamented predecessor, ever owned,—I have the facility of becoming invisible at will; of a loco-motiveness-like thought; and of an acuteness of vision, that sees through the depths of the heart and the mind.

Will anybody have the hardihood to deny, that Nobody has such powers?

With these endowments, I set forth one day on a tour, (it being the most approved way of commencing a grand career;) and, at the first stage, I was met by the good fairy that had presided at my birth, in the shape of a neat grey-headed *howdie-wife*; and she told me, that I was twin, or eldest son, (I was left in solemn obscurity about which!) of the GREAT UNKNOWN; and that whenever it became known, that that "august non-entity, was swallowed up in substance!" then I must return from my wanderings, and start forward; for the sequel to that mysterious legend was—that "when the GREAT UNKNOWN was gone, NOBODY should supply his place!"

But only for a time!—For at the lapse of years—perhaps centuries!—*Nobody* should be declared to be SOMEBODY: but whether with the title of sage or sir, doctor or duke, before the sublime disclosure, Nobody can guess!—However, to reap we must sow; therefore, Mr. Editor, your excellency shall now have the first fruits of my recal from the region of my travels.—And so commences

NOBODY'S JOURNAL.

J. P.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL JOKE.

AN admirable musician once announced a concert at the lively town of Sandwich. Half an hour after the time appointed for commencing, the Mayor walked into the room *solus*; upon which the musician, with more whim than policy, struck up the old air of "The Deuce a' one but you, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST, THE CONQUEROR, AND OTHER POEMS, by Miss Turner. London. 1827.

The author of this volume has been, for some years, a contributor to the pages of the Ladies' Museum; and though her poems have discovered various degrees of merit, yet few, we believe, can have read them as the contributions of a very young lady, without surprise and pleasure. We regret from the preface to learn that she "has already, *at the age of nineteen*, struggled through *many* years of adversity and unmerited wrong." Such a declaration must disarm the severity of criticism, even were the critic authorized to use it by the faults of the volume: but truth as well as candour enables us to say, her cause needs no such apology. We only regret to find "a tone of irritation," and the occasional expressions of a wounded and indignant mind, finding utterance in these pages: with private wrongs and domestic dissensions, the public have nothing to do; and they ought not, therefore, to be made parties to personal grievances. It is, in our opinion, to be regretted, that the revision of the volume was not confided to some judicious friend, whose less interested feelings would have given a more impartial selection to its contents.

The volume consists of the Children of the Mist, the Conqueror, Tale of a Foundling, and a variety of short miscellaneous pieces. We discover, in many parts of the volume, much true poetic genius; there is a delicacy, and a sweetness, unhappily, too often mingled with a despondency of feeling, which imparts more than a transient interest to the reader's heart. We forget the poet, and think only of the woman; and who can think of her, youthful, sorrowful, and afflicted, without emotions of the tenderest pity, and affectionate interest? We presume not to pry into the sanctity of grief; but surely we may deplore the suffering and the sorrow which compel the declaration

I ne'er have felt the careless rest,
The bounding hope, the young heart's play,
The fresh dew sparkling on the breast,
Ere time hath worn its peace away:—

We know that disappointed hope is, too often, the grave of human happiness,—but are our hopes always rational and reasonable? Do we not, too often, form erroneous, and unreasonable expectations, when the fancy is young, the passions warm, and the heart yet unlearned in the vanity and deceitfulness of the world?

We would fain hope that to some such cause Miss Turner's wounded

feelings are attributable; surely no one would harrass "the stricken deer." Had less of personal feeling mingled with this volume, it must, we are convinced, have found numerous patrons; and notwithstanding every disadvantage, it cannot, even now, fail to commend itself to the lovers of poetry, and to the sympathizing children of this world's afflictions. To the amiable authoress herself, we would address ourselves in the language of encouragement and advice: We would urge her to lay aside the, we are sure, unfounded conviction that hers is a sorrow

That time cannot chase, nor joy kindle again.

Assuredly we would say it cannot be, in the righteous and merciful dealings of Heaven with the frail children of man, that to their heavenly Father

In vain they turn
The burning eyelid, and the bursting heart,
In secret, silent, voiceless supplication.

No.—The father of mercies and the God of love can heal the wounded heart, and staunch its bleedings. His are the consolations of hope, and the calm peace which the world knows not.

Youth hath not finished yet her rosy march
Over thy blighted cheek; nor spring day sun
Owned its noon of brightness in thine eye;

let, then, the radiance of hope dispel the dark lowerings of despair; and may the harp which can so sweetly thrill the heart of sympathy, attune itself to a happier strain, and a sweeter melody.—Let her take courage from her own doctrine

That the pure minds which conscious worth sustain,
Shall, 'mid the storm, unmoved and undestroyed remain.

page 145.

POEMS; by Henry Neele, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1827.

These volumes have already, in a more contracted form, appeared before the public. We notice them, therefore, principally to state that the additions, in the present edition, are both copious and beautiful. Mr. Neele's poetry is harmonious and pleasing: it never, perhaps, can be called elevated, but it is distinguished by a taste which never offends, and by a sweetness which ever charms.

THE ODD VOLUME. Second Series. London. 1827.

Quaint titles do not always prove the best introduction to works of merit, such as the present; nor, on this occasion, can we see its meaning, when volume *two* must needs destroy both its identity and its propriety. However, we will not quarrel with a title which introduces us to a work of much interest and great promise. Those who have read its predecessor will, a

priori, understand the nature of this, which consists of various tales, of unequal merit, but all of some interest. The first is a Scotch tale, belonging to the reign of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards King of England; the second, "Elopement," is a translation, and of little merit. There are two dramas, "Guzzle," and "The Babbling Barber," of which we can offer but slender praise. Of "Augustus Ehrman," and "The New-haven Pilot," the first, especially, we can speak most favourably; whilst of "The Three Sons," a translation from the German, we can only say that if it be not a faithful transcript of the original, it is, at least, well written. Of "Augustus Ehrman" we can scarcely speak too favourably; our limits do not allow us to offer even an outline of the story,—but we should not do justice to its interest, did we fail to express our hope that it will procure for the whole volume an immediate and candid perusal.

THE BUSY BODIES; a Novel. By the Author of the Odd Volume. London. 1827.

The interest excited by the success of the "Odd Volume," created an anxiety in the public mind for the appearance of "The Busy Bodies;" but, we regret to say, that the anticipation has far exceeded the reality, as few can close these volumes without betraying marks of evidently disappointed expectation. We would caution young authors, especially, from presuming too much upon an already acquired reputation; the public taste may frequently be fastidious, but it will ultimately be found impartial and just. It is the evil destiny of some, to be hurried on to their own destruction by a fatal confidence in their own powers and strength; and they thus ultimately learn, that "*revocare gradum, hic labor, hoc opus est.*" We leave this hint to our author's good sense and deliberate consideration.

CROCKFORD HOUSE; a Rhapsody, in two cantos. London. 1827.

Among the very many and serious evils which a residence abroad has produced in the higher circles, we know of none more to be deplored in itself, more fatal in its consequences to the individuals, or more ruinous to families, than the love of gaming. The habits and feelings of our nobility and gentry have gained nothing by Continental associations; but morality and domestic decorum and happiness have very fearfully suffered. We are quite aware that the enticements of a gaming-house are such as young and inexperienced men can scarcely resist, under any circumstances; but we also know that the system which prevails abroad is calculated to confirm this propensity, and to render it a dominant passion and habit. As evil communications corrupt good manners, so the scholar often excels his master in the acquisition of what is prejudicial and dishonourable. Just so with us: we bid fair to rival the Continent in whatever tends to demoralize, and ruin, and disgrace our families and ourselves. Our gaming establishments are surrounded with a splendour that rivals royalty, are conducted with a cunning that eludes conviction, and are upheld by an influence that defies

punishment. As the law has been found ineffectual to their suppression, we have here an attempt to effect, if not their destruction, at least, their discredit, by the bold and manly efforts of a free press. Well would it be for society, if satires were always so well and so ably directed, as in the work before us.

RICHMOND; or, Scenes in the Life of a Bow-Street Officer. 3 vols. London. 1827.

We know not how truly, for, fortunately, we know nought of police-offices, save by report; but the gossip of the town runs, that Richmond is to be found in the *propria persona* of one of the oldest and most meritorious of Sir Richard Birnie's staff; and that the scenes here related have had their parallel in real life. Certainly, there is nothing incredible in such a report; for we fear that the disclosures of human vice and misery which a police-office daily affords, would even exceed in enormity and wretchedness those, with which we are here presented. We have heard it often said, that the one half of the world is but imperfectly acquainted with the sufferings of the other; and so those who know the world from books, and not from observation, experience but a very faint idea of the constitution of human society, and its tendency to deterioration and depravity. With all its philanthropy, and piety, and charity, London is the abode and centre of all that is wretched in misery, and abominable in vice. What a frightful mass of impiety, profligacy, and, of consequence, calamity, would a journal of only one day's transactions present to the mind! To those who would indulge in their contemplation, apart from their contaminating influence, these volumes will be found a faithful mirror of vice, and record of its crimes: and it is but just to add, that the disgusting task of exposure has been performed in a manner as little exceptionable as possible.

THE HONEY-BEE: its Natural History, Physiology, and Management. By Edward Bevan, M. D. London. 1827.

Nature is man's noblest study,—and every part of that study is well calculated to reward the most diligent enquirer, and to manifest the perfection, wisdom, and power of the Creator. Our childhood has taught us to regard the Bee as an example of diligence, as well as a model of the most wonderful economy in all its operations; but of the nature and order of that economy we had, previously, no definite nor correct idea. On the subject of Apiarian science we feel our incompetency to give a judicial opinion; but we must say that the volume before us carries with it an internal evidence of its own authority; so that to those who would understand this department of natural history, we would venture to recommend it as modest and judicious.

STORIES OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE. London. 1827.

The great merit of this volume is, its accurate delineation of the manners of the times to which the various stories relate: every thing, here, preserves

its just costume, and mode of expression. The stories are six in number; and their merit so uniform, that we scarcely know to which to give a preference. "Edmund Esterling," and "The Traitor's Grave," have attracted our attention; and, without laying claim to extraordinary praise, are, nevertheless, deserving of commendation, from the interest of their stories, and the simple and artless manner in which they are told.

That our readers may be enabled to form a fair estimate of the work, we have condensed "The Traitor's Grave," which we offer to them as a fair specimen of the general character of this interesting volume*.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Mr. Horace Smith is about to publish a new historical novel, entitled "Reuben Apsley." It will embrace the principal events in the reign of James II.

Some unpleasant rumours have reached England from Tripoli, respecting Major Laing, the African Traveller, who is said to have been murdered.

The Journal of the Voyage round the World, made during the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, by the French frigate *Thetis*, under the command of the Baron de Bougainville, is about to be published, by command of the King of France.

Accident at the Thames Tunnel.—This stupendous work of art, intended to form a communication, by means of an excavated road-way under the Thames, between the Deptford and Rotherhithe roads, on the Surrey side, and the docks and streets of the opposite shore, was suspended on the evening of Thursday, the 19th. The work had been carried more than one-third under the river, when the water burst in from above, and compelled the workmen, above one-hundred and twenty in number, to seek their safety in flight. By means of the diving-bell, the cause of the accident has been ascertained: a large raft of timber has been sunk over the spot, and a great quantity of clay and binding materials placed upon it. There seems little doubt that they will, in a short time, re-commence their labour; and the engineer entertains a confident opinion of the successful termination of this great achievement.

* This notice was intended for our last number, in which "The Traitor's Grave" appears; but the length to which the review of "De Vere" extended, obliged us, as our *Notes to Correspondents* stated, to defer it, with many others. The attaching a signature to it was the act of the printer, alone; an error to which he was led by the story having been copied out for us by the gentleman whose contributions are usually signed D. D., and whose hand-writing being recognized, the printer naturally appended the usual signature.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR JUNE, 1827.

WALKING-DRESS.

A DRESS of lilac-coloured *gros de Naples*: the skirt is made very simple, trimmed only with a slight puffing of the same material, finished in points: the body is tight to the shape, and finished with a similar, but narrower trimming, which forms the bust: the sleeves are *en gigôt*, and confined at the wrists by gold bracelets.—A bonnet of fine Leghorn, fancifully trimmed with pink gauze riband.—Lemon-coloured kid gloves: brooch, chain, and bracelets of gold.

EVENING, OR BALL-DRESS.

A DRESS of blond, worn over a satin slip of the most delicate apple-blossom colour: the border of the skirt is surmounted with a deep puffing of blond, confined by leaves of pink satin; finished with small pipings, and a narrow edging of vandyked lace. The boddice is rather high; the part which forms the tucker surmounted by a falling of rich blond, headed by a narrower one of vandyked lace. The sleeves are long with rich points, standing upwards from the wrists, and confined by deep gold bracelets.—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.

THE annexed plate is a correct representation of a fashionable head-dress, in the Parisian style: the braid is drest in large distinct bows, one of which is brought in front on the right side; the front curls are divided, so as to leave the left side considerably fuller, and the whole interspersed with flowers, not of too large a size.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and the fashionable head-dress, by MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.



Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for June 1827.
Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE metropolis is now crowded with all those who rank high in fashionable life. Among the various dresses for out-door costume, pelisses are partially worn: they are, however, more confined to the carriage, and are chiefly of gros de Naples, of the most charming summer colours. The favourite pelisse is of a novel kind of brown, resembling the milk chocolate. These elegant envelopes are more distinguished for their neatness of finish, than for the novelty of the trimming. *Pelerine tippets*, of the *fichu* kind, of the same colour and material as the dress, are in high estimation for the promenade.

High dresses of gros de Naples, are much in request; they are made high, and have very little ornament; neatness and simplicity being the general characteristics of dress among our fair countrywomen, during the mild months of spring. Over these high dresses, which often constitute the home costume throughout the day, is worn a handsome cachemire shawl, with a plain white ground, and rich variegated border.

Bonnets of the cottage shape, are much in vogue: they are generally of watered gros de Naples, but oftener coloured than white: some have a *ruce* at the edge, of pinked silk, the colour of the bonnet; those that are plain at the edge, are finished by a broad white blond. Coloured silk hats and bonnets, with rich satin stripes, are very prevalent: for the carriage, they are generally lined with some very striking colour predominant in the stripe, with beautifully shaded ribands, of which there are bows, with a few sprigs of mountain heath and other light flowers interspersed. A white silk bonnet, of a beautiful pearl white, has been lately completed for a young lady, on her approaching nuptials: a long white veil of *Urling's* lace, of the finest texture, and most beautiful pattern, is added to this elegant bonnet. Hats of pink satin, tastefully trimmed with puffings of the same material, edged with narrow blond, are much admired for walking dress.

The evening dresses are remarkable for their elegance. Not content with the display of jewellery round the wrists and arms, nor with the most magnificent necklaces and ear-rings, our ladies of rank have their gowns caught up at the sleeve ornaments with pearls of the finest size and water. The present evening dresses, when of crape, are generally flounced, and the flounces bound with a narrow bias of satin. It takes now twelve or fourteen yards to make a full dress of gros de Naples for an

evening party: the sleeves, though short, are immensely wide, and when they are long, they are in the *gigôt* shape, and more capacious than ever. The Japanese rose-colour, in taffety, is much worn at social dinner parties; the colour is very becoming even in summer: we have seen a very pretty dinner-party dress of pink gros de Naples, trimmed at the border with double *jabots*, in bias of the same material: the body was made partially low, and finished down the front of the bust with rich braided ornaments of silk cordon: the sleeves were short, and ornamented with straps and plaitings, relieved by long sleeves of white tulle, with antique points of blond at the wrists. Dresses of coloured crape, are much worn at balls: they are trimmed in a very elegant manner, in a serpentine form, with rouleaux of satin and white blond. A new mode of trimming ball-dresses, is as pretty as it is simple: it consists of a very broad bias fold, headed by a ruche of blond or tulle, or a rouleau of satin surmounted by blond.—Printed muslins and chintzes prevail again this year for morning dress: the patterns are new and in charming variety. White dresses are becoming general; the favourite trimming consists of several narrow flounces of muslin: some dresses of fine jaconet muslin, are much admired for evening parties at home: they are trimmed with one broad flounce, embroidered in a rich and splendid pattern: the body is made plain, exactly fitting the shape, and encircled round the upper part of the bust by a broad falling tucker of fine lace, or muslin, beautifully embroidered, to correspond with the flounce on the border of the skirt: the sleeves are long, and confined at the wrists with gold jointed bracelets; finely wrought, and exquisitely finished.

The dress-hats worn at the opera, and sometimes at evening parties, are of crape, either white or coloured: the crowns are ornamented with festoons of blond, in the hollows of which are placed hyacinths, Parma violets, primroses, or a sprig of lilacs, and the whole finished by a plume of white marabout feathers. The turbans are remarkably elegant as to shape, and very becoming, either in silk, crape, or gauze. For half-dress, caps have a decided preference: they are placed very backward; and as their texture is light, and the cauls formed of open treillage work, they do not conceal the beauty of a fine head of hair. Pearls and flowers are mingled amongst the hair of young ladies in evening dress, and diamonds are much in request with married ladies in full dress.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, May 16th, 1827.

The late heavy rains have put a stop to the usual varieties of fashionable attire at this season of the year: a few days of a burning sun, which seemed the prelude to summer, caused the Boulevards, the Tuilleries, and the Champs Elysées, in the early part of the month, to be crowded with elegant females, arrayed in gay and splendid dresses. The hat which had been prepared for the fine season, was already displayed; the light robes which the heat of the sun ordained to be substituted for the warmer clothing of the first months of the year, had announced the return of warm weather, when, suddenly, the sky became covered with clouds; the rain fell in torrents; the thunder burst over our heads, and inspired a religious terror around us; the gardens which are preserved to us, in spite of the general mania for building, are abandoned, and we are now reduced to seek, in the saloons, and shops of our *Magazins des modes*, those novelties which the return of fine weather would lead us to expect. Let us not, however, be discouraged, but hasten to describe to our fair readers the result of our observations and active researches.

One of the most elegant morning-dresses is composed of a pelisse of gros-de-Naples, rose, blue, marsh-mallow, bird of paradise, or dark green colour, trimmed with two or three rows of narrow black blond, or a single row of deep blond. Under these pelisses is always worn an embroidered petticoat of the highest value: the wrist-bands are often ornamented with narrow Mechlin lace. Some beautiful pelerines of embroidered muslin, have appeared. The pelisses are mostly of gros de Naples: they fasten down the front with bows, which are partly of the same colour as the pelisse, and partly of a very dark colour, so as to form a striking contrast. The trimming down the sides, in front, and round the border, consist of bias folds, terminated by a quilling of the same two colours as the bows. A triple pelerine cape is trimmed to correspond.

Chip hats are now becoming very general; the brims are as large behind as in front. They are lined with gros de Naples, of a bright blue; the crown is low, and encircled by a bias band of gros de Naples. At the base of the crown are two rosettes of gauze riband, with satin stripes. A white bonnet, with a plume of variegated feathers, white and ponceau, is one

of the greatest novelties, and forms a very attractive out-door head-covering for young ladies. Carriage-hats are often ornamented with two *esprit* feathers of some very striking colour; and, for the promenade, nothing is more tasteful than a bonnet of white satin, ornamented with a deep blond at the edge, forming a half-veil. On some hats of rice-straw, the knots, instead of being composed of ribands, are formed by large bias ornaments of gauze lisse, bordered on each side by small bands of straw, which support the shell-work.

Evening dresses of coloured gros de Naples, are very prevalent. They are generally trimmed at the border with two very full broad puckerings of gauze, of the same colour as the dress; the fulness is confined by bands of satin, placed in bias across the gauze puckering. A favourite dress for the theatres, is of taffety, bird of paradise colour, trimmed with two broad flounces at the border, pinked in scallops: the body is made plain, with a girdle the same as the dress, fastened in front with a beautifully wrought buckle of pearl; the sleeves are short and full. Some ladies prefer with these dresses, a corsage à la *Sevigne*, with long sleeves of white tulle. Home dresses of gros de Naples, are generally made in the style of pelisse robes; the bodies only partially high, and slightly en gerbe. Poplins of light colours are still much worn in half-dress: they are trimmed with two broad flounces of gauze, or crape of the same colour as the dress. Muslin pelerines, or those of thread tulle, richly embroidered, are uniformly worn with these dresses. Robes of white watered gros de Naples, embroidered in colours, with all the care and delicacy which an artist could display in a beautiful picture, are exceedingly elegant. These dresses are worthy of the most brilliant toilets: they are trimmed with two deep flounces, beautifully embroidered, each headed by a rouleau, and ornamented by a small embroidered garland of silk.

Nearly all the tulles used for ruches, trimmings of bonnets, &c. have a small Valenciennes lace sewed on the borders. Many ladies refuse to wear any other gloves than those sewed by machine. They have the advantage, we are assured, of never becoming unsewn; the price is double that of other gloves made by the hand. The finest *aigrettes* are formed by the tails of the bird of paradise; three or four of these beautiful birds are thus sacrificed to procure a lady several *aigrettes*, and give an immense value to the trimming of a hat. This is in the highest degree of luxury.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

UNRIVALLED Greece! thou ever honoured name!
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour, all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown;
Yet still shall Memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee Freedom cherished once with fostering hand,
And breathed undaunted valour through the land;
Here, the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of poverty, inured to toil.

Here, loved by Pallas and the sacred Nine,
Once did fair Athens' tow'ring glories shine.
To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,
The conqu'ring standard's glitt'ring glories rear,
And join the madd'ning battle's loud career. }
How skilled the Greeks; confess what Persians slain
Were strewed on Marathon's ensanguined plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadron fell,
And with their gandy myriads peopled hell.
What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood;
Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod!
How spoke a hero, and how moved a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,
While half the ravaged globe was armed in vain.
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

Nor war's vast art alone adorned thy fame,
"But mild philosophy endeared thy name."
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies;
The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictured pomp to grace, and sculptured state,
This science taught; on Greece each science shone:
Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here, warm with life, the swelling canvass glowed;
Here, big with life, the poet's raptures flowed;
Here Homer's lip was touched with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tuned her am'rous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus roused th' enervate throng,
Awaked to glory by th' inspiring song;
Here Pindar soared a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus scorned a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous tragedy, with great control,
Touched every feeling of the impassioned soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song,
Her comic sister, lightly danced along.—

This was thy state! But oh! how changed thy fame,
And all thy glories fading into shame!
What? that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land,
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command;
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain,
Who could have thought! Who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mould'ring, and thy walls o'erthrown?
That where once towered the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain;
And unobserved but by the traveller's eye,
Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie;
And thy fall'n column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die;
Groan at the labour of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.

The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman's sons,
(The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,)
Has awed their servile spirit into fear;
Spurned by the foot, they trembled and revere.

The day of labour, night's sad sleepless hour,
Th' inflictive scourge of arbitrary pow'r,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murd'rous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice!) the bow-string or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.

Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh,
When to thy mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
Tow'rs from th' earth, and braves th' inclement sky;
On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious, and defies the storm.
Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away;
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

SONG.

WHEN at distance I'm roaming far o'er the sea,
One remembrance I'll cherish—'twill be, Love, of thee:
When the last ruddy beam of the day-light shall die,
And the shadows of evening steal soft o'er the sky—
Oh! then shall the hour be devoted to thee,
And I'll dream of thy beauty, when far o'er the sea!

And though hope dare not whisper that, when I'm away,
One remembrance of me o'er thy fancy shall stray,
Thy voice and thy smile shall be dear to me yet,
And, e'en though forgotten, I ne'er will forget;
And though my heart be clouded and dark as the night,
Oh! may thine, like the morning, be joyous and light.

J.

WAR.—To A. R.

You say you would sink in the gory wave
That rocks the wild bark of War;
And could'st thou joy that red tide to lave,
Amid foes and mid strangers to purchase a grave
With blood in a land afar?

They may tell of the halo that fame has spread
Round the warrior's crimson bier;
How liberty hallows the blood that is shed
In her shadowy cause, by bewailing the dead
Who witness—not even her tear!

I could teach thee a lesson my childhood was taught,
That still preserves its sway—
I think of destruction as then I thought,
When I saw it in all its changes fraught,
Its glory, and its decay.

I traversed a spacious and ancient hall,
The wreck of a noble race;
The ivy grew rank on the ruined wall,
And vainly I sought on that mournfull pall
Of its greatness a single trace.

But there was a lofty turret shown
To the stranger who came from far,
To view that mansion's mouldering stone,
To ask what its pride had so rudely thrown,
And he answer'd—"The blast of War!"

And the fading walls were pictured o'er
With darkly armoured forms;
The lords of that dwelling, whose scanty lore
Was all they had left of its mighty store,
Like wrecks of its frequent storms!

There was one, and it was a lovely sight!
The last chief smiling stood;
And beside him bent his lady bright,
Over two sweet boys whose locks of light,
Seemed guarding each broken bud!

And there was another! a fearful one,
The boys had passed their bloom,
And afar in search of fame were gone,
But it spoke of nothing their swords had won,
Save death without a tomb!

They were laid on a wide and crimson plain
Where thousands lay like them;
And Death was revelling o'er the slain,
Where his shafts had swelled, in their blinding rain,
To a tide there was none to stem!

They fell;—and, save that dim tapestry,
Left no trace of their day,
But words the sick eye scarce could see,
About honour, fame, and victory,
And the last best sons of Tay!

ANNETTE TURNER.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF HORACE.

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, &c.

THE man whose mind from guilt is pure,
From every danger is secure,
Nor needs the arrow of the Moor
To guard him.
Whether through sultry climes he goes,
Or Caucäsus, o'ercast with snows,
Not there inhospitable foes
Retard him.

For lately, as in amorous lay,
I sung my charming Lalage,
Wandering beyond my usual way,
Unthinking.
A wolf upspringing, reared his head,
Sure ne'er in Daunian's woods was bred,
Fiercer, yet me unarmed he fled
And shrinking.

Oh! place me in those arid plains,
Where never fall the genial rains,
That land which neither tree sustains
Nor flowers.

Or take me to the farthest pole,
Where gloomy clouds for ever roll,
And winter chills the drooping soul,
And showers.

Or scorched by solar heat and broiling,
Or from the piercing blast recoiling,
I'll sing my nymph so sweetly smiling,
And own her sway.

In every soil, in every clime,
I'll sing thee to the end of time,
Or while I have the power to rhyme,
My Lalage.

J. W. J.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to express our regret that two or three of our Correspondents have been unavoidably disappointed in receiving the *private* answers to their letters as early as requested; the fact is, that the Editor's residence is so distant from the *City*, as only to allow of his receiving, at intervals of some days, the various communications of his numerous and kind correspondents—hence the delay in acceding to the wishes of his friends.

To Rosella—E. M. S.—Miss S—d.—Captain S—. Mr. King, senior.—and Mr. Rose, the Editor forwarded answers on the 15th ult.

We acknowledge the receipt of various poetical contributions from our Madras Correspondent—all, or most of which, are intended for insertion.

To the author of *Stories of Chivalry and Romance*, we have offered in our present number the "amende honourable." A letter for him at our publishers, will explain the whole matter.

Charles M. is an improving poet. We have read some of his last contributions with sincere pleasure, and shall soon offer them to our readers. May we venture to hint to him, and through him to many others, that we could wish their contributions were so written as to enable us to hand them singly to the printer?

The story of the Hat is left at the publishers for the writer—it will not suit our pages.

Essays as candidates for the Prize, have been received from D. D., Mrs. H—d, and Mrs. T—ll. Our decision will be made known in our next number.

We have just received Rosella's second packet. She shall hear from us within a fortnight.

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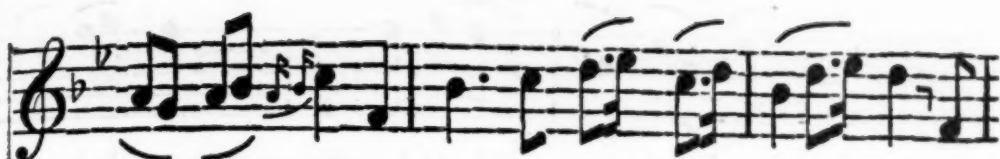
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mam or dad, Why let them scold and bel - low, For



while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charming



fel - low. The last fair day, on yon - der green, The



youth he danc'd so well, O! So spruce a lad was

ne-ver seen, As my sweet charming fel - low.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow;
 Says he, "My dear, I'll see you home;"
 I thank'd the charming fellow.
 We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, "My sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here, by this good light."
 O! what a charming fellow.

"You rogue," says I, "you've stopp'd my breath;
 Ye bells ring out my knell, O!"
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

The last four lines are to be sung to the second part of the tune.

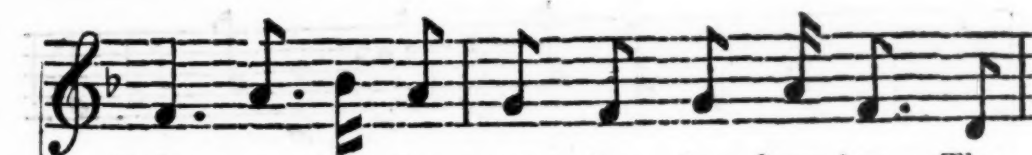
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Smile on, for thy young Day is dawning.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

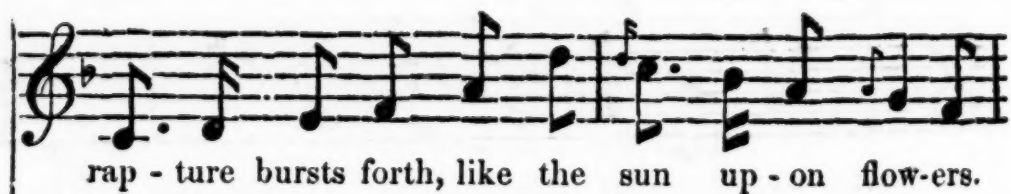
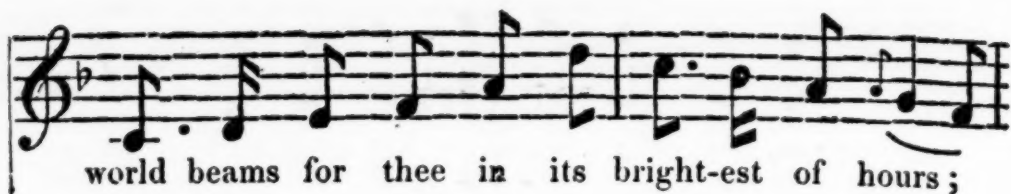
Allegretto.

[Air—Sing, sing.]



SMILE on, for thy young day is dawn-ing, The







Bright as the sky is thine eye's brilliant beam-ing,

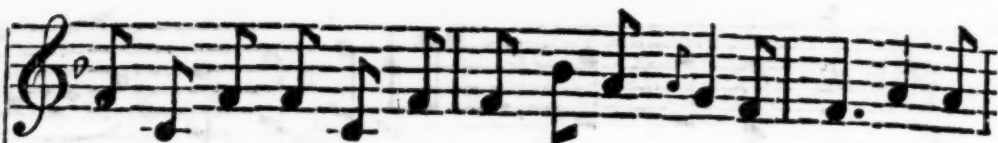


Light bounds your heart as the roe on the moun-tain

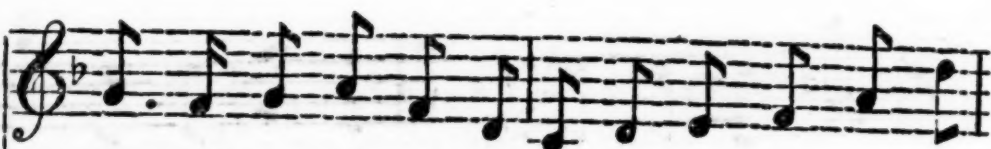


Calm flow your thoughts as the Sum-mer lake stream-ing





Sparkling in joy, like the spray of the fountain. Smile on, soon



time will a - wak - en Thy bo-som from peace to o'er-



whelm it in sadness; Thou'lt rise a-lone and for-saken, To





feel the world's tem-pest, its wrath and its madness.



Young dreams, like the bright lotos* growing,
 Arise from the stream, when the sun kisses ocean,
 Bud in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
 All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
 As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
 The flow'rs of the earth from the sunbeam must sever,
 The lotos awakes from the bright spell that bound it,
 And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
 Smile on, for thy young day is dawning,
 Bask while you may in joy's roseate light;
 Too soon you'll relinquish your morning,
 And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy night.

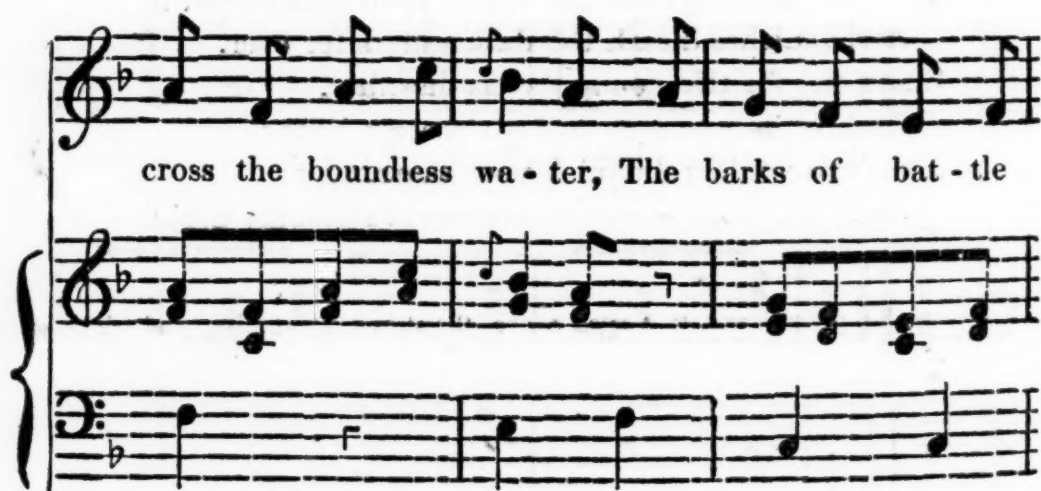
* An Egyptian flower, that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset.

Our Thoughts are still at Home.

FROM WINTER'S OPERA OF THE ORACLE, ARRANGED AS
A DUETT.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto.



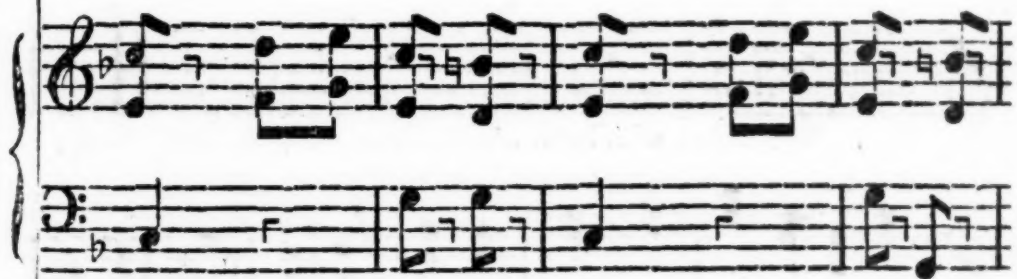
cross the boundless wa - ter, The barks of bat - tle



ride, They sweep to war and slaughter O'er the deep blue



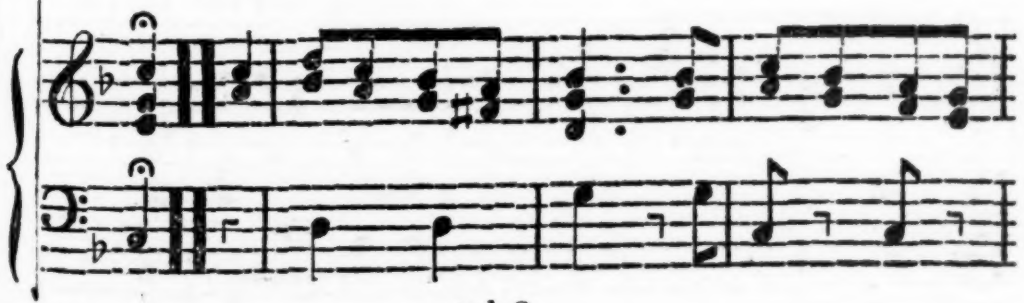
tide, Yet leave one sigh for home, Yet leave one sigh for



home. 'Mid foreign splendor glow-ing, When far the wand'rer



'Mid foreign splendor glowing, When far the wand'rer



flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer

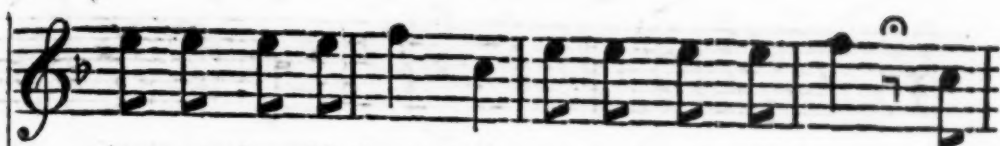
flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer

flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will

flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will

rise, A trembling tear will rise, For

rise, A trembling tear will rise, For



its more humble home, For its more hum-ble home. The



its more humble home, For its more humble home.



vic-tor, when the voi-ces of myriads shout his name, A-

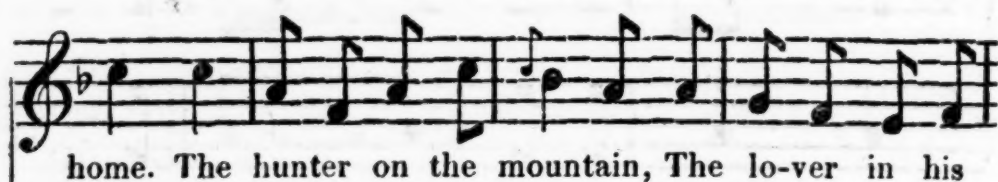


far tho' he re - joi - ces in the full tide of fame, Would

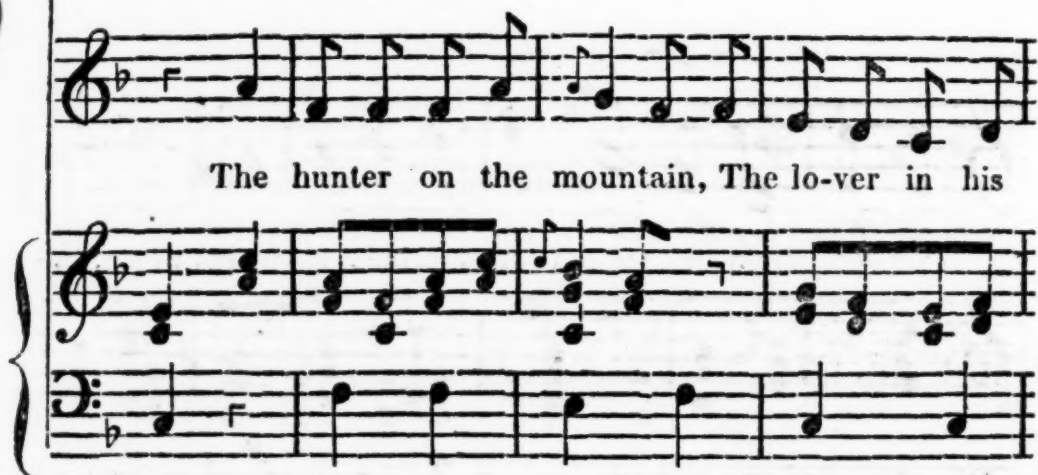




rear that wreath at home, Would rear that wreath at



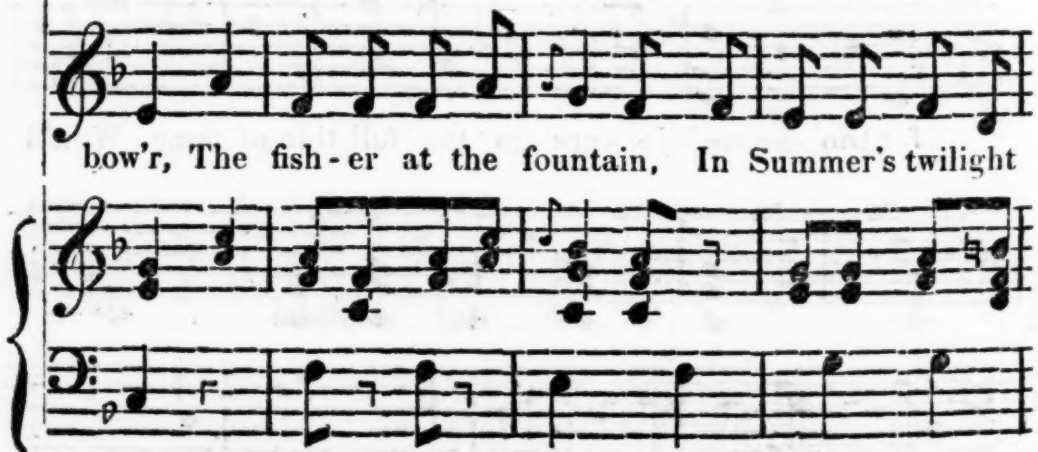
home. The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his



The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his



bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight



bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight



hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive



hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive

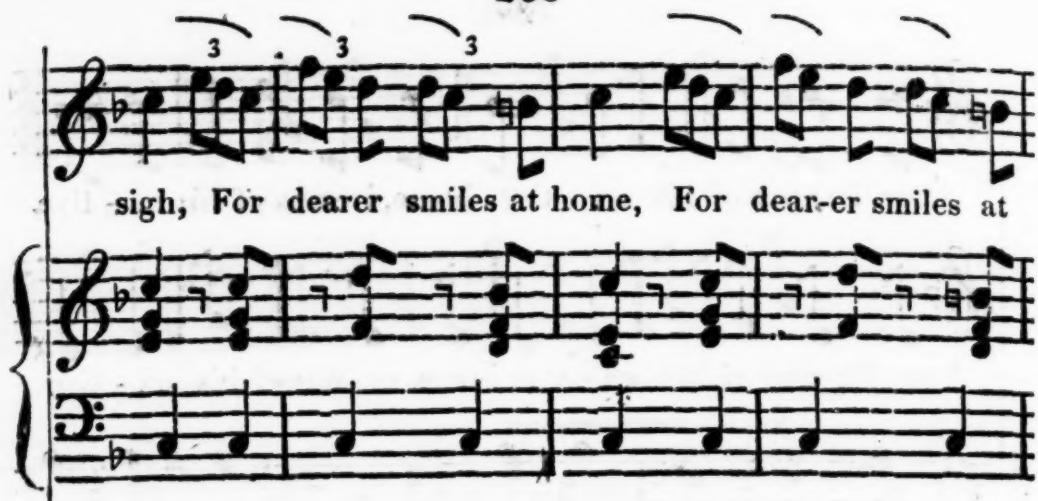


home. When beauty's brightest blushes are greeting heart and



eye. Re-membrance warmly gushes, And prompts one ten-der

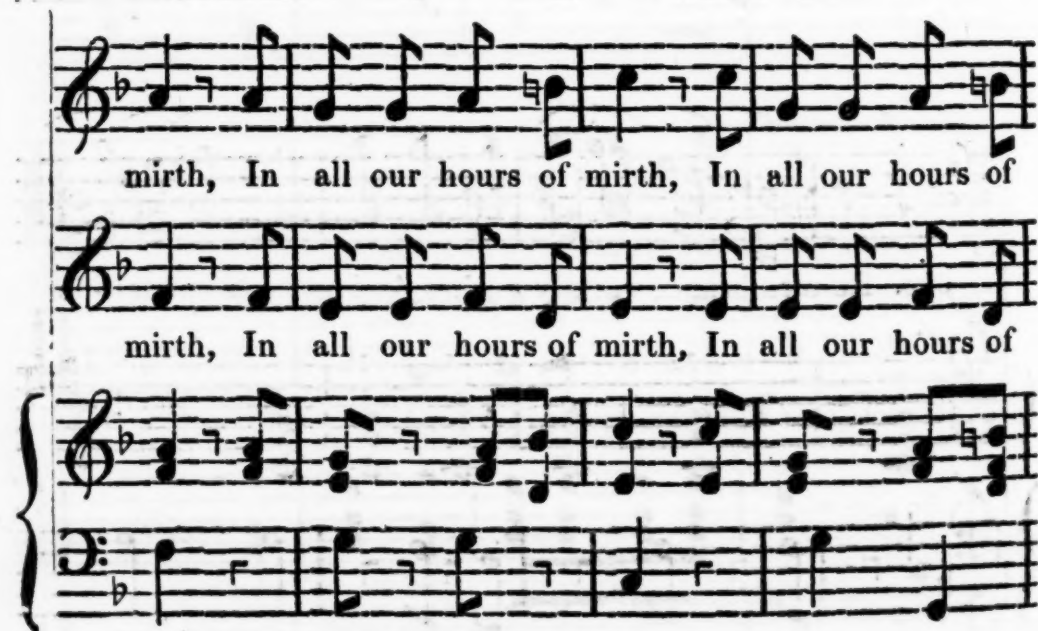




sigh, For dearer smiles at home, For dear-er smiles at



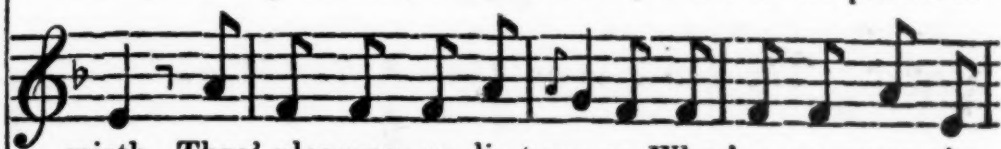
home. Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of
Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of



mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of
mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of



mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er



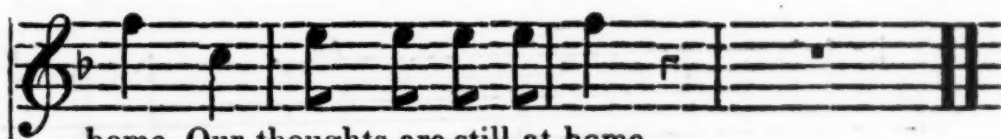
mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er



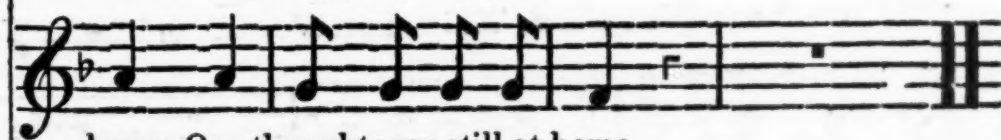
earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at



earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at



home, Our thoughts are still at home.



home, Our thoughts are still at home.



No. XXXIII.

The Bark is on the swelling Wave.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto.

[AIR—*St. Senanus and the Lady.*

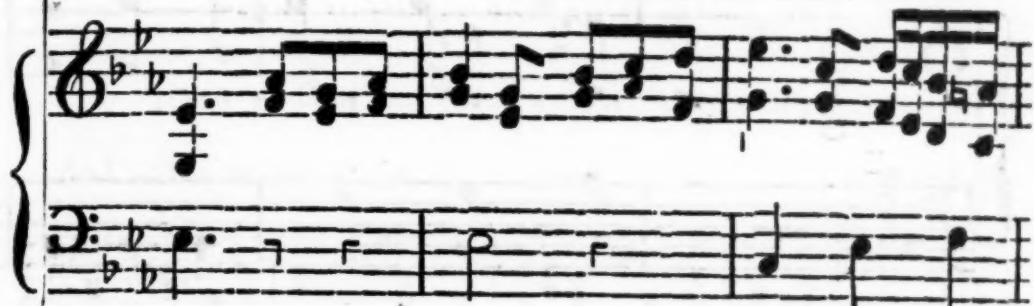
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 3/4 time and featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style.

THE bark is

on the swelling shore, 'Mid tempests' roar, and torrents'



rage, And on the deck the lov-ers stand, To-ge-ther



hand in hand, Her sun - ny locks, his ra - ven



hair, Are float - ing in the stor - my





In Italy's bright land of flowers,
 They spent their young and ardent hours.
 An instant! and their tomb will be
 Beneath the dark, blue sea.
 But the worst horrors death can bring,
 Will only make them closer cling.

'Tis past! the weltring waves now clasp
 That fated vessel in their grasp.
 'Mid human misery's piercing cry,
 Their lips gave one fond sigh;
 And form in form entwin'd, they sleep
 In the blue bosom of the deep.

The Woodman.

A FAVORITE SONG, COMPOSED BY MR. LINLEY.

Moderato.

STAY, tra-vel - ler, tar - ry here to-night ;

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Woodman'. It consists of a single vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics 'STAY, tra-vel - ler, tar - ry here to-night ;' are written below the vocal line.

The rain yet beats, the wind is loud, The moon has

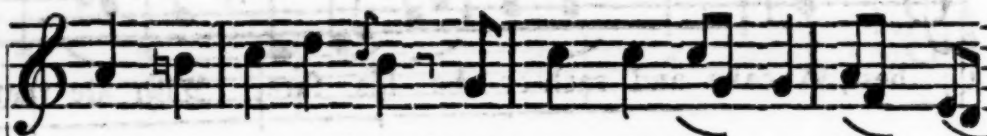
The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'The rain yet beats, the wind is loud, The moon has' are written below the vocal line.

too with - drawn her light, And gone to sleep be-hind a

The third system of musical notation, concluding the visible portion of the song. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'too with - drawn her light, And gone to sleep be-hind a' are written below the vocal line.



cloud. 'Tis seven long miles a-cross the moor, And should you



chance to go a - stray, You'll meet, I fear, no friend - ly



door, Nor soul to tell the rea - dy way. Come, dearest





Kate, Our meal prepare, This stranger shall par-take our



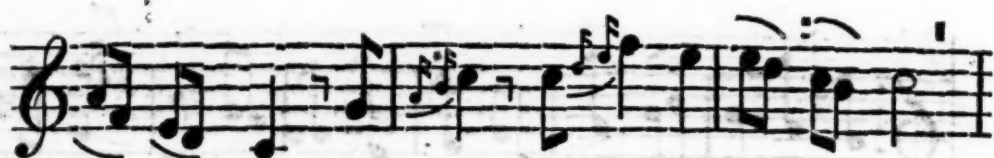
best, A cake and rash-er be his fare, With ale that



makes the wea-ry blest. Approach the hearth there take a



place, And till the hour of rest draws nigh, Of Robin Hood and



Che-vy Chase, We'll sing, then to our pal-lets hie.

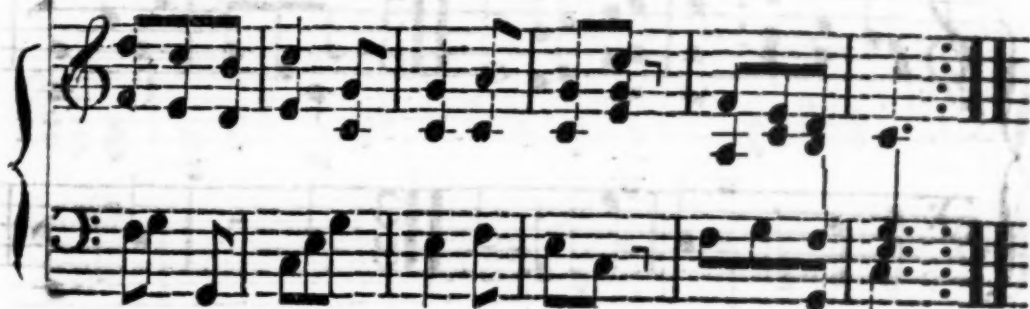
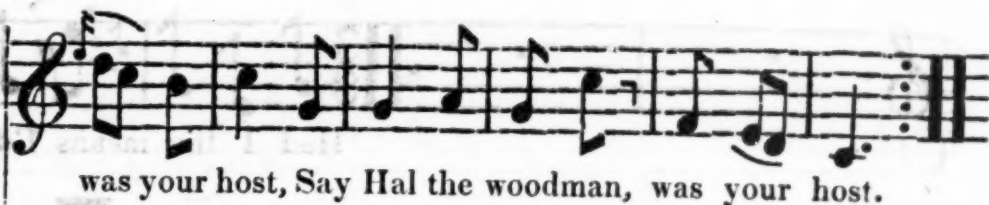
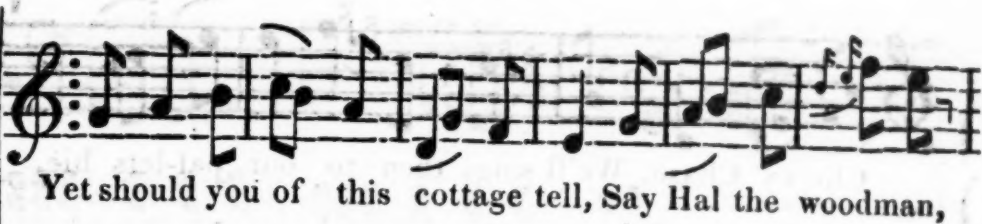


Vivace.



Had I the means I'd





The hardy Sailor braves the Ocean.

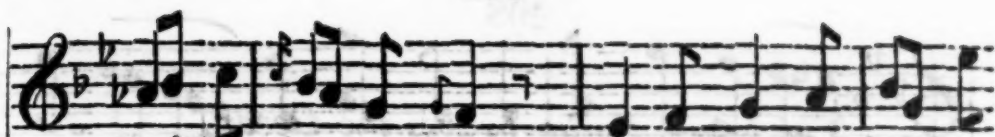
A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN THE CASTLE
OF ANDALUSIA.

Grazioso.



THE har-dy sailor braves the o-cean fearless

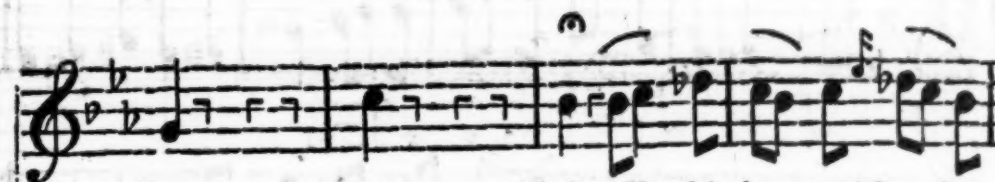




of the roar-ing wind; Yet his heart with soft e-



mo-tion, throbs to leave his love be-hind, throbs,



throbs, throbs, throbs, Yet his heart with soft e-



mo - tion throbs to leave his love be - hind - - to

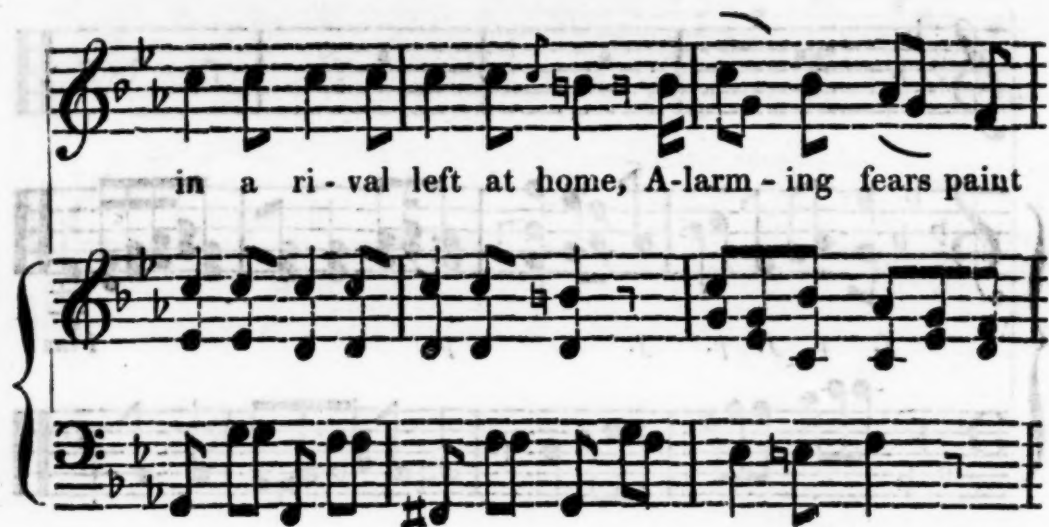
leave his love be - hind - - - - to

leave to leave his love be - hind.

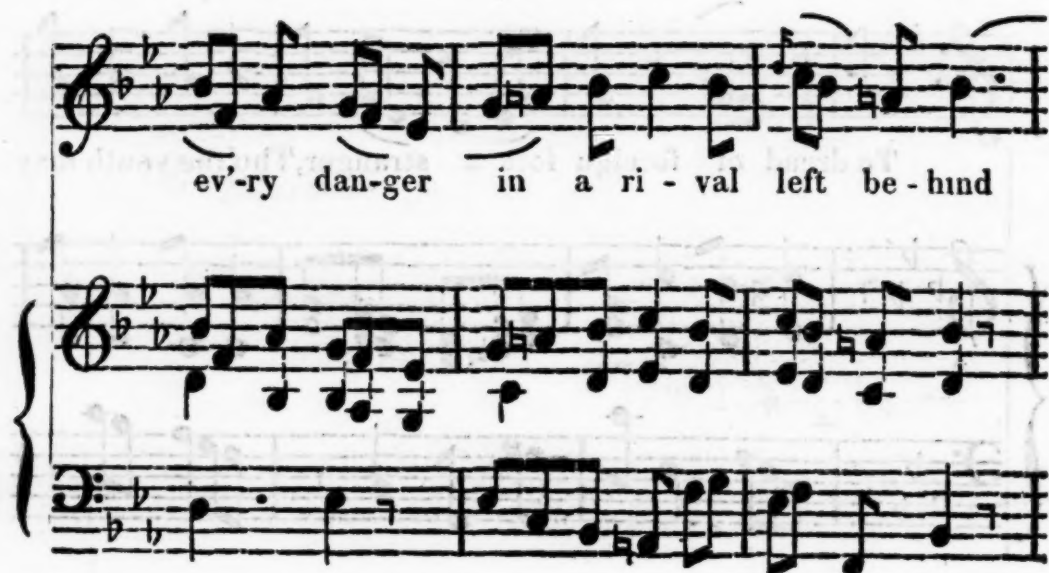
f. p. f. p. f. p. Fine

To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho'the youth may

dauntless roam, A - larm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan - ger



in a ri - val left at home, A-larm - ing fears paint



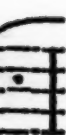
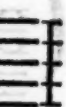
ev'-ry dan-ger in a ri - val left be - hind



The *Da Capo.*



int



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